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EDITORIAL

Office slums

SAID Lord Crook, speaking of railway office workers, in the House of Lords: "Your lordships who prize horses and cows would not dream of keeping them in the kind of conditions in which these men have to spend part of the time during which they earn their living."

Unfortunately, this applies to many other people who work in offices, shops, restaurants and places of entertainment.

One office worker in five does not get enough daylight. One in fourteen works in an office without windows.

OVER three years ago the Gowers Committee inquiring into Health, Welfare and Safety in Non-Industrial Employment produced a report. It damned shortcomings in sanitary accommodation, space, ventilation and lighting; and criticized underground rooms, clothing accommodation, washing and first-aid arrangements, facilities for meals—and fire escapes.

Yet in all the time since then nothing has been done to turn the committee's recommendations into law. And now comes the news that Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, has deferred action indefinitely.

LORD CROOK
Men—and Horses

His excuse for leaving hundreds of thousands of white-collar workers in discomfort and, in many cases, downright squalor, is "the acute shortage of building labour and materials."

The reason is unconvincing. For, though the Gowers Report implied some rebuilding, many of its suggestions could be carried out at once.

Legislation forbids employers to cram factory workers into unhealthy proximity. The Gowers Committee recommended forty-seven square feet of floor space for each office worker. This could be made compulsory.

BADLY lighted and under-heated rooms can be transformed by an electrician in a morning's work from dank and gloomy caverns into healthier places to work. Factory temperatures, when most of the work is done sitting down, must be at least sixty degrees. Why not apply the same rule in offices?

A prewar survey showed that, even before the enforcement of the present Factory Act, factory workers lost an average of only 2.7 days a year through sickness, while office workers lost 3.8.

Each month that goes by while the Home Secretary fails to implement the Gowers Report condemns countless workers to bad eyesight, colds and chills, the easy spreading of disease and unnecessary discomfort.

"The building shortage" must not continue to be an excuse for shilly-shallying.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

As the flat season draws to an end Harold Beards watches it pass with some regret. For him, painting horses is both work and hobby, and much of his time is spent attending meetings and shows with his sketch-book. He saw the scene on the cover at the lovely Brighton racecourse near his home. He made a rapid on-the-spot sketch and later completed the painting at home, using a young girl from a local riding school as a model.

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Scotch Whisky is the finest drink in the world

Catch him when he calls next door

Most days the fire engine bell can be heard, a warning to us all. One day it might be *your* home at which the engine stops.
Damage by fire, however limited is expensive, but the price of protection is surprisingly small.
Even if your home is already insured, it may not be for a sum sufficient to refurnish at present prices.
Better do something about it before it is too late. One of the neighbours will put you in touch with the man who can help you.

Ask the man from the **Prudential**

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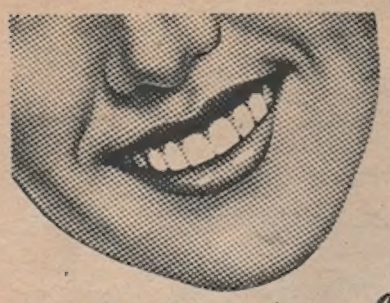
NOVEMBER 1, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2418 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



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8½d. and 1/4d. tins, 5½d. an oz. loose

Free Speech

The village shows its heart

LATE at night my wife was taken seriously ill and rushed to hospital. Only two neighbours knew of it at the time. But the village telegraph quickly went to work, and good neighbourliness showed itself the next day.

I had two offers of accommodation for myself and the baby; two offers of the use of private telephones, day or night; an offer of the use of a private car at any hour. Five people wanted to supply us with meals; inquirers after my wife's health stopped me in the street many times, and I was inundated with magazines, jig-saw puzzles, fruit, biscuits and sweets to take to my wife. The Methodist minister—my wife is not a Methodist—telephoned the hospital and visited my wife and myself.—THOMAS MOORE, Wingate, Co. Durham.

Bagging A Tortoise

TORTOISES are sold at a pets stall in the local market place. They are put into paper bags which are closed up and given to the customers. I often hear people saying near the stall, "I'm not buying another. The last one died after we got it home."—MRS. A. C., South Shields.

The R.S.P.C.A. confirms that tortoises will suffer, and probably die, if kept in a paper bag for any length of time. The Society does not advise buying newly-imported tortoises after mid-summer, as they do not eat enough to enable them to survive hibernation.

Threat To A Trade

WINDOWS in England, almost without exception, open outwards. This necessitates an army of window-cleaners working, sometimes dangerously, from ladders. While abroad, I noticed that all windows open inwards. Housewives can clean their own without risk and the travelling cleaner with bicycle, ladder and swinging pail is never seen.—FREDERICK W. SMITH, London.

Repair Job

DURING a cycling tour my bicycle suffered a perished valve tube. I cut a bit of dandelion stem the correct size and fitted it on to the valve. I inflated the tyre very gently and finished my tour with no further trouble.—NORMAN PHILIP, Aberdeenshire.

Generals' Excuse

SO the old myth is to be thrust upon the world again. Left to its own devices and led by brilliant generals, the German army could have won the last war, just as it could have emerged victorious in 1918. This time, Hitler's interference is the excuse. If the German generals, interviewed by Capt. Liddell Hart ("I Learn The Truth About Stalingrad," JOHN BULL, October 11), felt so little confidence in Hitler, why did they wait so long before trying to assassinate him? But, after all, unlike the men they led, they did not have to face the Red Army and a Russian winter, even with that jolly winter equipment mentioned by General Blumentritt.—G. F., Surrey.

. . . A Germany army of 330,000 men was destroyed at Stalingrad. It was the greatest military disaster in the history of war. What might have happened if this or that had been done can only be speculation. What really happened is what counts. The Red Army which, at one period in the winter of 1942-43, held only a half-mile strip of the city on the Volga, defeated the Germans. This, with Alamein, turned the tide of the war.—H. D., Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

Presage Of Fame

I KNEW Sir Ralph Richardson when he was a boy in 1917, at the time his portrait in "From My Family Album" (JOHN BULL, October 4) was taken. After leaving school he studied art and bookbinding, among other subjects. He did them all well but his heart was in the theatre. In the twenties he, and fellow enthusiasts, rented an army hut which had been used by the Y.M.C.A. as a canteen during the war, in Edward Street, Brighton. They called it The Little Vic. All the actors were working or studying during the day but they put on a different show each week. A ticket cost me sixpence and I attended all their productions. Ralph was in the only ones I recall—as Macbeth, and as Villiers in *The Three Musketeers*.—L. N. CANDLIN, Abbey Road, Brighton.

Know Your Watch

A WATCHMAKER told me that the correct way to wind a watch is by moving the winding wheel forwards and backwards alternately. I had always thought that this method injured the watch and that the winder should be released before making the next turn.—MISS R. G., Lancs.

An expert comments: It does not matter. The alternating backwards and forwards turn does not injure the watch. But chiming watches and alarm watches should not be wound like this, as the backwards turn winds up a separate spring.

Modern Rocking

MRS. Vera George, who recalls the rocking-chair of her youth ("Free Speech," October 4) would enjoy my living-room. It has two modern rocking-chairs, very different from the old-fashioned type. They have sprung seats and backs and on the right-hand side is a brake. When the baby has been rocked to sleep, the chair can be adjusted to a comfortable position, on goes the brake and the rocker becomes an armchair.—MRS. E. B., Pontefract.

. . . Since my two small daughters were each given a rocking chair, my life has been almost unbearable. Our rexine suite was punctured, my ankles have been bruised, the cat has been endangered, and over-energetic rocking resulted in the children's heads banging on the floor. But it was the monotonous thumping of the rockers that finally made me scream: "Away with the rocking chairs!"—MRS. P. M. SKINNER, 14 Kingsley Street, Bury, Lancs.

Legible Letters

INSERTION of a coin in a slot in the Hamburg post office, Germany, gives the use of a typewriter for a short

period. I saw a queue waiting to use the two machines. On the standard model was a middle-aged woman, obviously an expert, rattling away at a fast speed. The young man using the portable was a two-finger typist. Typewriters in the post office would be useful for business men and women on their travels. — HENRY CASTLE, Crockham Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.

Memo To A Banker

SCOTTISH banker ("Free Speech," September 20) should know that post office workers have to deal with maternity benefits, old age and Forces pensions, sick pay, family allowances, insurances, licences, assistance grants and savings, besides a dozen other things. All these necessitate conversation with the applicants to ensure that details are correct. There must be no delay when the mail van calls, and work must go on efficiently all the time. The Post Office, therefore, cannot be silent and refined like the bank, but I have never experienced, as the banker apparently has, a "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude among post office staff.—MRS. MAY JEPSON, Sub-postmistress, Hope Hill P.O., Stockport, Cheshire.

Plagiarist

IN Nice my wife and I saw a large picture of our home town, Ilfracombe, displayed in the window of a tourist agency. A headline over it read: "Spend your holidays in sunny Corsica." — D. HUXTABLE, Fortescue Road, Ilfracombe, Devon.

A Town Remembers

CELEBRATION of the Festival of Britain at Bexhill-on-Sea included the placing of a plaque on the house where John Baird ("Free Speech," October 11) lived before his death. It was unveiled on June 11, 1951, by T. H.

The plaque at No. 1 Station Road, Bexhill-on-Sea

Bridgewater, superintendent engineer of TV outside broadcasts. This permanent commemoration was suggested by local residents and others. It must be unusual for a plaque to be erected only five years after a great man's death.—MISS M. R., Sussex.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ADOLF HITLER
by Alan Bullock

A famous Oxford historian writes the first complete and authoritative account of Hitler—the man and dictator

John Russell was a gentleman

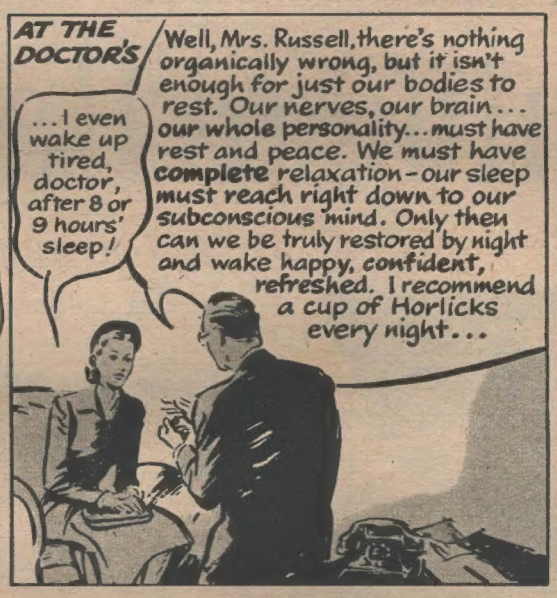
Well, that'll be all, Miss Foster. You'll be at the office dance tonight? I'd like you to meet my wife
I will, Mr. Russell
(THINKS) I wonder what your wife's really like... pity she's coming... oh, well...
Darling, this isn't like you - are you sure you won't come?
Oh, John, I'm so tired these days! I shouldn't enjoy it... can't you go alone?

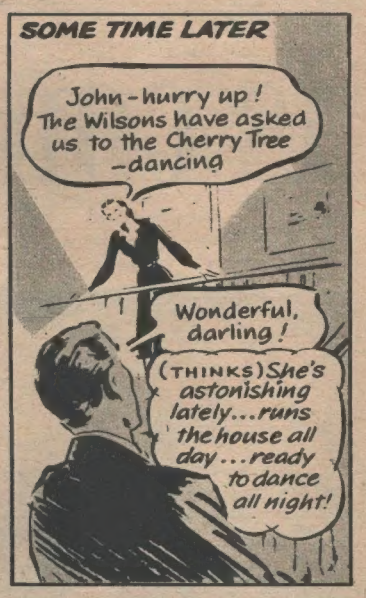
Well- goodnight, Miss Foster. It's been a pleasant evening
Goodnight, Mr. Russell. Thanks for the lift
(THINKS) Pleasant evening, my eye ...wasted on a stuffed shirt like you!

NEXT DAY AT A CAFÉ
So Handsome John Russell took you home, Cora? Did he make a date?
What do you think, dear? There's hidden depths in that man!
Well, he needs a change from that dreary wife of his!

(THINKS) ...so Handsome John Russell took you home...
... there's hidden depths in that man...
...needs a change from that dreary wife of his...

Oh, Mother, do you think it's true? What can I do - I'm always too tired to go out with John - no w-wonder he - oh mother, what can I do about this awful tiredness?
Of course it's not! Don't worry, dear - but why not see the doctor?

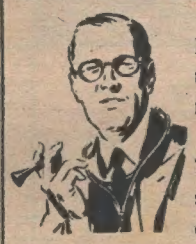

AT THE DOCTOR'S
...I even wake up tired, doctor, after 8 or 9 hours' sleep!
Well, Mrs. Russell, there's nothing organically wrong, but it isn't enough for just our bodies to rest. Our nerves, our brain... our whole personality... must have rest and peace. We must have complete relaxation - our sleep must reach right down to our subconscious mind. Only then can we be truly restored by night and wake happy, confident, refreshed. I recommend a cup of Horlicks every night...


SOME TIME LATER
John - hurry up! The Wilsons have asked us to the Cherry Tree - dancing
Wonderful, darling!
(THINKS) She's astonishing lately... runs the house all day... ready to dance all night!

AT THE CHERRY TREE
There's John Russell. Didn't hook him after all, did you, dear? You were pulling our legs!
Oh, shut up, May!
(THINKS) Wish I'd never started that... no wonder no-one believed me... she's pretty... full of life...

Darling, you're lovely! Fine thing when I have to fight to dance with my wife!
Don't be silly, John!
(THINKS) I'm so happy... and Horlicks is wonderful!

IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF ASLEEP...



HAVE YOU ever watched people when they're asleep? Some look blissfully peaceful. Some seem worried. Some seem tense.

And so they are. Tension grips them. They are asleep, but not relaxed. Their sleep is superficial; it is not reaching down, down to the subconscious mind. . . .

To enjoy "happy" sleep, there must be complete relaxation of mind and body. By promoting this tranquil state, and by helping to remove disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system, Horlicks also helps you to wake up confident . . . restored . . . full of zest and optimism.

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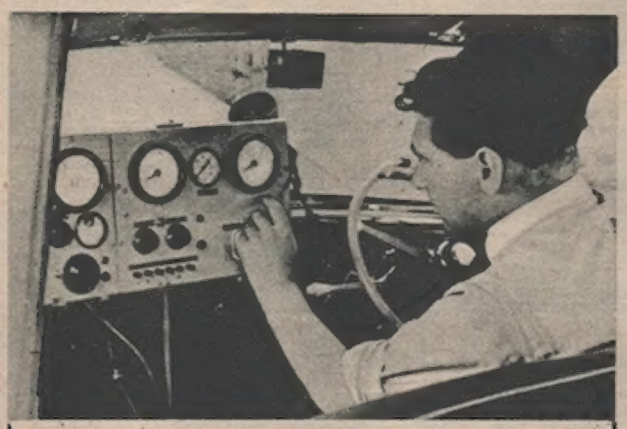

BP SUPER PASSES EVERY TEST

To ensure the *uniformly* high standard of the new premier-grade BP Super, the most rigorous system of inspection and testing is operated at the BP Research Station at Sunbury-on-Thames. Electronic tachometers, road test panels for determining knock-rating, attachments for sampling exhaust gases—every kind of recording and testing device is called into service when BP Super takes its final trials in the tank of a road-test car. When BP Super is in the pumps you will see for yourself the superb performance that this smooth-burning fuel gives your car.

It's going to be a super season for motoring when BP Super is here! No more pinking when you fill her up with BP Super. This new superlative petrol will put the pleasure back in motoring—you'll find you get more pulling power, longer engine life and more miles per shilling. All for a few more pence per gallon!

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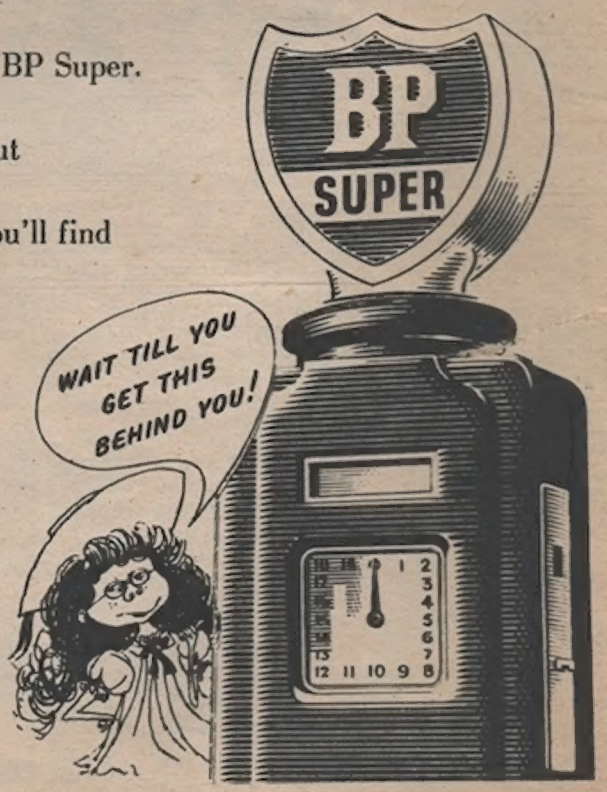

Frances ignored her husband. She crouched close to Garrison, watching the land. Suddenly, she jumped up. "We're drifting closer," she cried

FIRST MATE

by DAVID GOODIS

There were three of them on the raft: Crosset, his wife—and the other man

THEY HAD BEEN ON THE RAFT for three days when they saw the island. The weather was exceptionally clear and they could see the tiny mound of grey-purple edging itself above the horizon. Crosset estimated it was about ten miles away, but he remained silent, waiting for the other man's opinion. The other man was the technician in these matters.

"I'd say ten miles," Garrison remarked. His tone was casual, as though they were on an outing. Actually, the expedition was purely involuntary. There were three of them on a life raft somewhere in the Indian Ocean. The fishing tackle was still hauling in food, but the other contrivance, the marvellous little gadget that took the salt out of sea water, had been in disrepair for the past eight hours. The sky was scorching, and they were very thirsty.

Crosset's wife, Frances, moved across the raft and crouched beside Garrison, their shoulders touching as they stared at the island. In Garrison's manner there was no anxiety, and he seemed to be making navigational calculations. Garrison, who was in his middle thirties, tall and heavy and ruggedly attractive, had recently been hired as first mate on Crosset's yacht. When the *Setter* had been docked at Mananjary, in Madagascar, the other deck officer went down with pneumonia. The hiring of Garrison had seemed a simple matter, but it quickly assumed heavy, shadowed proportions when Crosset saw how Frances looked at the man. It was only in the look, but Crosset knew. It was painfully easy to see because she had truthful eyes. Her manner was restrained, with natural dignity, but her eyes were bluntly truthful, and during those days on the *Setter* and these days on the life raft her eyes had told Crosset she was discarding him for the other man.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

Suddenly Frances jumped to her feet. "We're drifting closer," she cried.

"I hope so," Garrison murmured. But he looked doubtful. His head turned slowly as he studied the path of the ocean current.

She gripped Garrison's arm. "What is it, Bill? Don't you think we'll make it?"

"These tides," Garrison said. "They have a habit of changing their minds. If we only had oars or a sail. When you drift, there's no telling where you'll go."

Crosset lowered himself so he was comfortably supine on the floor of the raft, his head against the cushion of thick rubber along the side. He looked at his wife and told himself it would be a pity if she died. He saw the corn-colour hair, the beryl-green eyes, and the slim elegance of form. But beyond that was the knowledge of

GRACIE FIELDS SPONSORS A GREAT NEW JOHN BULL "SPECIAL"

SONGS FROM MY GOLDEN TREASURY

GRACIE FIELDS, the greatest figure in popular singing, has sponsored an eight-page JOHN BULL Special Feature which will be welcome in every home, in schools, clubs, community centres and churches—wherever two or more voices join together in song.

With brilliant colour photographs of Gracie, specially taken at her Isle of Capri home, it gives words and music of her selection from the most popular songs of all time—from old-time folk songs to latest hits. It includes sea shanties, hymns, carols and music hall favourites, with articles by Edmundo Ros, maestro of Latin-American music, and Harry S. Pepper, of B.B.C. fame, on how to make a party go with a swing.

A special attraction is JOHN BULL's Coronation Song which, for the first time, sets words to the famous march "Coronation Bells," the tune played at Coronations since the beginning of the century; it will be the most popular song of 1953.

This is a "special" which will make all toes begin to tap and will appeal to the singing and humming instinct in everyone. It will appear . . .

IN NEXT WEEK'S EXTRA-LARGE ISSUE OF JOHN BULL

---

her generous nature, her simplicity and her quiet, unadorned sincerity. He was sad and sick with the thought of losing her, and it had nothing to do with death—she was still very much alive, and he was losing her.

He had been married to Frances for seven years, and only recently had given up hope that she would ever fall in love with him.

Frances was fond of him and she had always treated him with respect and kindness. Her physical response was genuine because physically they were well mated. He was only six years older than Frances, who was thirty-two, and he knew himself, without conceit, to be an impressive figure of a man. He was built along compact lines, a stocky, beefy bulk of masculine force. His complexion was a healthy red, and he had kindly, friendly grey eyes, a good crop of tawny hair parted far on the side and kept flat and shining in other days. Frances often told him, lightly, that he was good to look at. But her eyes told him that she wasn't in love with him.

THE purchase of the yacht, the subsequent voyage across the globe, had been one of his attempts to make her love him. He had felt that moonlit waters and the vast expanse of ocean and sky would provide an atmosphere conducive to changing Frances's conception of him. He had suggested that they make the trip alone. Frances had said no, it was stupid and selfish to limit such a large yacht to two passengers.

And so, although the moonlit nights were there, he had stood alone at the rail. Behind him, in the party room, the sounds of laughter were thorns of irony. He wanted to be enraged, to project his bitterness at Frances. But he had never been able to feel bitterness towards anyone who was honest with him.

Frances had been utterly honest with him from the moment of their meeting in London, where she was singing in one of the night clubs. He saw her and was dizzy. He danced with her and was lost. Within a week he was crazily in love and proposed, and Frances said no. A year later, in Paris, he was still proposing and she was saying no. After Paris it was Monte Carlo.

In Monte Carlo, Frances's business manager lost everything she had saved. The disaster was too much for her, and she broke down during her act and lost her job. Crosset told her to forget singing, to stop worrying about money and marry him. She agreed to marry him and told him it was only for his money. She couldn't have been more honest.

All her statements had been honest. She promised she'd be physically faithful, but if she fell in love, then a divorce would be only fair and logical. It was highly improbable, she added, that such a situation would ever occur.

It had never occurred until this thing with Garrison. And with Garrison it was like seeing a thundercloud and waiting for it to burst. As they began the long cruise from Madagascar, heading east towards Australia, there was very little talk between Frances and Garrison. The new first mate, Crosset decided, was either playing it slowly and shrewdly or was too much of a gentleman to display his feelings.

Then, one night, Frances told Crosset how she felt towards Garrison. They were alone together at the rail. She explained with a quiet blending of kindliness and blunt truth that something deep and fine and real had come into her life, and she emphasized that Crosset must be prepared for a termination of the marriage.

CROSSET stared blankly at the ocean and said that he hoped the situation would work out the way she wanted it to work out. He said he certainly hoped she knew what she was doing. Then he looked at her and saw the integrity in her eyes, and beyond the integrity he saw the tumult of her emotions, her seething endeavour to be honest with herself as she was being with him. He sensed that she had not yet reached a decision. He discarded self-pity and pitied Frances. He told himself that her essential truthfulness, however admirable, might bring her to grief at the hands of Garrison. And there it was again. Neither of them really knew the man.

On the following night, the yacht was caught in a swirling, raging storm and managed to hold its own until something went wrong in the engine-room and there was an explosion. Then there was fire, and rafts were lowered. It all happened rapidly, and most of it was a smoky orange blur in front of Crosset's eyes as he staggered across the tilted deck shouting Frances's name. He reached the rail and saw two figures swimming towards an empty raft. The raft was drifting away, and they swam desperately.

He saw them reach the raft, Garrison getting there first, bending down, lifting her on to the inflated rubber. She seemed to be all right, so Crosset vaulted the rail and hit the water.

But he wasn't much of a swimmer, and the waves were huge. He heard them calling to him, and he swam blindly with the fever of trying to stay alive. Then the raft came down over the side of a wave, and Garrison leaned out, grabbed his arm, and hauled him aboard.

In the morning, the sea was quiet and the weather clear, but there was no sign of the other rafts.

The nearest land, Garrison said, was probably Mauritius Island. If they were lucky the tide would take them towards the island and into the area of shipping lanes. If not, they were due for a hell of a long trip, and it was just as well he had lost his compass. There was nothing worse than a compass on a raft that had no sail and no oars.

The sail assemblage and the oars had been lost during the storm, and that was a bad break, Garrison said, but still they could count themselves fairly lucky. After all, the raft was strongly constructed and, in addition to the fishing tackle and water purifier, was equipped with rubber sheets to protect them from the sun.

The first night was very cold, and Crosset saw that Frances was shivering. He crawled towards her, wanting to shield her from the biting wind. As he started to put his arm round her she shook her head. He moved away and spent the night wondering whether he had the courage to throw himself overboard.

Then the water purifier broke down. Garrison worked on it for three hours and finally decided there was no way to fix it.

ALMOST an hour had passed since their initial view of the island. They seemed to be getting closer. There was very little wind, and they were depending on the slow-moving tide.

Frances sat slumped near the prow of the raft. She was rubbing her throat and swallowing hard, and there were moments when she raised her head over the side and stared at the water. Crosset knew she was terribly thirsty. He began to wonder how long a human being could survive without water.

He crawled towards Garrison and said: "It's taking us a long time to get there."

Garrison's arm stretched out in the direction of the island. "Look there. You see what's happening?"

Crosset squinted and saw the island seemingly slipping away to the right. "It doesn't add up," he said. He lifted his eyes towards the sun. "This time of day the tide ought to head towards land."

"Towards mainland," Garrison murmured. "And not always. There's such a thing as cross-currents." Then his voice climbed a little. "It's a damn' shame, isn't it?"

Frances crept towards them and Crosset heard her saying: "What is it, Bill? What's wrong?"

Garrison waited a moment. Then he sighed and shrugged. "It's the current. Taking us away from the island."

The quiet was very thick while Frances raised herself on the side of the raft and looked and saw the island going away. She winced, and began to bite on her lip.

His voice was toneless. "The island was our last chance."

"It's still there," Garrison said.

Crosset detected a certain significance in the

Continued on page 25

ESCAPE—OR DIE: Paul Brickhill concludes the story of the R.A.F. sergeant who escaped from Germany—via Russia

Charging to freedom with the Cossacks

Between them and liberty lay the German troops. Rofe saw the Cossack leader raise his sabre. Then the steel flashed down—and they were surging forward in a thunder of hooves

Cyril Rofe on the Russian Front. He escaped from Germany in August, was home by Christmas

ROFE AND HILLEBRAND were tired but jubilant when the party given them by their Russian soldier hosts at last broke up. A few weeks before, the two men had escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. Cyril Rofe, an R.A.F. flight sergeant navigator, had planned the escape; it was a novel one.

Instead of trying to reach Switzerland or Sweden — the usual objectives for escaping prisoners in Germany—they had made for the Russian Front, which at the time was only 200 miles away from their prison camp. And the plan worked. There was only one snag. The Red Army Cossack division with which they had linked up was surrounded by Germans. It had been cut off for three weeks. Not that this worried their Russian host, Major Fyodor. "*Nichevo*," he had told them. "We have been surrounded before. We will fight our way back."

There were two small double beds in the house and around midnight Fyodor bowed Rofe and Hillebrand towards one of them. They both protested strongly, having seen two Russian officers lying on the bed before and guessing that the two usually slept there, but Fyodor insisted. He kept saying: "You are our guests. We will look after you."

Russian Hospitality

Rofe and Hillebrand got on to the bed, almost purring with the luxury of it and thinking that the Russians would find a bed elsewhere. Again they were shaken to see the two displaced officers take off their boots, stretch out on the hard floor and pull blankets over themselves. Hillebrand, a humble corporal in the British Army, whispered to Rofe: "I was just trying to imagine a couple of Russian soldiers as grubby as us going up to a British officers' mess and getting this sort of thing."

In the morning an orderly brought them eggs and meat soup for breakfast. Another orderly came in with letters and newspapers for the Russians, dropped by the planes the previous night. Rofe was most intrigued when the Russians, instead of reading the newspapers, tore them into strips, brought out tobacco pouches and began rolling cigarettes in the newsprint. One of them explained that they had already heard all the news on the radio.

Rofe and Hillebrand had many surprises in the next few days. After breakfast they went for a walk among the troops in the fields with a German-speaking Russian, and gazed fascinated at the number of girl soldiers who had been lying down on their groundsheets to sleep among the other soldiers during the night.

No Sex In Battle

They watched curiously, but apparently nothing questionable went on. Nothing came off, either. The Russian explained that no one ever took their clothes off in the battle line. When they fought their way back, he said, they would all hand their clothes in to a depot, have a bath and be given new uniforms.

"The girls—they fight too?" Rofe asked.

The Russian laughed and shook his head, explaining that they were headquarters' secretaries, nurses, interpreters and traffic controllers.

"No trouble among the men?" Rofe persisted, and the Russian said solemnly: "There is no sex in battle. Russian girls in battle are comrades." He added, a little sadly, that things had not always been quite the same since the advance, because the Russian girls had seen Polish girls with waved hair and cosmetics. "It has disturbed them," he lamented, and added gravely, "Some have been buying dresses."

Relations between the soldiers and the girls

ILLUSTRATION BY HOROWICZ

The Cossacks rode like demons. Rofe, bent low in the saddle, began to yell in exhilaration

seemed completely impersonal. The girls never tried to be coquettish, and the soldiers virtually ignored them. Apart from the skirts, they acted and looked just like the men; like the men, too, some of them had lice, though there was nothing remarkable in that. They had not been able to take their clothes off for three weeks. Rofe had lice himself; it was part of the life.

The Break-out Begins

They slept that night in their boots, and at 5 a.m. Fyodor, unshaven and brisk, woke them and said, "We are going to break through."

Outside the door a convoy of wagons was assembling and Rofe and Hillebrand, tense and excited, climbed into one of them. There was a lot of shouting and bustle, and they were jolting over the fields on to a dirt road. Once they stopped, and a patrol ran past carrying long anti-tank rifles. Later, explosions and machine gun fire sounded about a mile ahead, and after a while the wagons moved on again. In the afternoon they sheltered in a wood, and at darkness moved out along a road down into a valley. The moon was thin but bright, and a mile or two away in front and on each side flares were bursting in the sky; distant thumps and the rattle of machine guns reached them.

A quarter of a mile ahead a brilliant flash lit the darkness; there was a heavy explosion and then more flashes and explosions. The drivers yelled and whipped at the horses, and in a few seconds they were galloping. Rofe crouched against the side of the wagon, clinging grimly as the wagon bucked on the rutted surface. He had a terrifying impression of flashes and explosions, shouts and hoofbeats and the clattering of wheels—and then the convoy was slowing up; the wagon stopped and the driver screamed at them to jump off.

They did not know what he meant till they saw officers jumping off the other wagons and running up the hill towards the woods. They jumped off and ran after them, and in the cover of the trees found Fyodor, some of the other headquarters' men and several girl officers. In a long line they filed among the trunks up the steep side of the valley until the crashes of the shells sounded fainter and well below. Rofe was breathless and quiet, but all the Russians—girls included—seemed to be in wonderful spirits, laughing and joking, straggling along as if they were on a midnight picnic.

Next day they came down from the ridge to a farmhouse in the valley and there, unbelievably, were the wagons they had left the previous day. A field kitchen served meat stew. Confused as to what was happening, Rofe could not shake off the fear that the purposeful Germans were closing in all round them.

They were. The attack came an hour after darkness. First there were some dull thumps a few hundred yards away. In a few seconds mortar bombs were bursting among the trees; then the machine guns started. Rofe heard shouting, and the skin on the back of his neck crawled as he recognized German words. All round in the darkness the Cossacks were screeching. A bullet smacked into a tree-trunk two yards from his head. The noise seemed to go on unnervingly for a long time, and then gradually the firing died away. He lay down to sleep, but at midnight a Russian roused him and he and Hillebrand followed the others into the wagons, which jolted off into the darkness.

At dawn they were sheltering on the edge of a birch wood when the Germans attacked again. First they were shelled, then mortared, and then the machine guns and shouting again. The shouts died away and some scattered German JU88s screamed over and the bombs fell. Most were wide, but one exploded deafeningly fifty yards away and the blast knocked Rofe off his feet.

Notes In A War Diary

With a stub of pencil he noted in a scrappy diary he had started a few days before: "It is terrible being so helpless. I'm unarmed and don't understand a word that's being said, so I don't know where we are or where we're going, or whether we'll ever get there. I do know that we're nearly out of ammunition."

He and Hillebrand spent another miserable wet and wakeful night among the birch trees, and in the morning he could have wept with joy when Achmetow, the Russian who aided them on the escape, walked up. They had not seen him for days. He was bloodstained and bandaged, and was so tired he could hardly stand. He said that he had been helping to man machine guns. There were so many wounded now, he said, that the wounded had to fight, too.

They moved off at noon, cramming into the wagons among the wounded and breaking out of the wood at a crazy gallop along a valley road. Machine guns spat at them from the heights but the range was too far to be effective, and the sweating horses dragged most of the wagons to a pinewooded ridge, where they huddled again during the night.

When dawn came Rofe was stiff with cold and muzzy with tiredness. A Russian gave him a piece of bread: it was the first food he had had for twenty-four hours. Chewing at the bread he walked briskly around with Achmetow to get warm; Hillebrand said he was too exhausted to walk, so they left him propped against a tree.

Quiet Before The Storm

The earth in the woods was churned into mud by the rain, the wagons and the horses, and they slogged around the confused scene till they came to the fringe of the trees where the hillside sloped gently away to a broad meadowland, grey under mist. Achmetow pointed to a line of trees far across the fields and said, "Red Army . . . there." About a mile on each side the woods straggled down into broken ground, framing the meadows in a wide, shallow saucer. Achmetow waved vaguely from side to side, shrugged and said, "Germans." It looked deserted and peaceful, but Rofe became conscious that the hollow feeling in his stomach was not only hunger. They turned back into the woods.

Shouts and the jingle of harness sounded through the trees; they started running and saw officers cantering about yelling at the soldiers scattered thickly for hundreds of yards through the woods. Rofe could not find the tree where he had left Hillebrand and ran anxiously about looking for him, but Hillebrand had vanished.

Shells began to crash into the woods, and some of the horses were plunging about, whinnying with fear. A wagon turned over, spilling the

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MacDonald escorts the Duchess of Kent to Singapore's Island Club during her Far East tour. He refuses to join clubs to which whites only are admitted

HARRY HOPKINS writes a revealing report on Britain's man in South-East Asia, the Lord High Everything who has put himself on a pedestal by a contempt for false dignity

Malcolm MacDonald shows West how to meet East

SINGAPORE

THEY said impressively, "H.E. is ready to see you now." His Excellency, the United Kingdom's Commissioner-General in South-East Asia—even thus reduced to decent British initials—wore the conventional diplomatic elegances a little oddly. For though no proconsular post ever carried with it more far-flung responsibilities, Malcolm MacDonald has gained the respect and affection of Asians by showing, not the flag, but something much more rarely seen in these parts—the ordinary Briton.

The marble stairway, the blue-and-gold royal arms, the shining corridor, the tall double doors at the end—all that was in the tradition. But when MacDonald's secretary opened the doors and ushered me in, I found myself in a room that was small and simple—no gigantic vases, no scenes of imperial splendour, no vast oaken tables: just a small desk across the corner, with a map of South-East Asia pinned on the wall.

A stocky figure, looking cool and collected in an open-necked, half-sleeved shirt, MacDonald stepped out from behind the desk to greet me. He was grey-haired now, but bronzed and resilient, years younger than his official fifty-one.

He was, he said, very glad to see me. Astonishingly, he sounded glad. "Take your coat off," he said. "Your tie, too, if you like." Then, for an hour or so, speaking with complete frankness, he reviewed the state of his vast, complex parish—as seen from this Singapore observation tower where MacDonald has kept watch for Britain, with one short interval, since early 1946.

Although what he told me was all very much to the point, there was little that was "brilliant" or startling; and yet, I felt as I left, it had been, in some way, an impressive performance. Was it, perhaps, that MacDonald, like Mountbatten, is a master of the informal spoken word? Relaxed, talking easily, with no perceptible accent, he never hesitated for a moment—yet everything he said was cogent, lucid, firmly-based. But the thing that really made the impact, I

decided, was something else: the man's extraordinary modesty. The devastating thing about MacDonald is that, being entirely without either self-consciousness or false dignity, he puts up no front at all: with him, it is just one man talking to another.

When that man happens to be Lord High Everything in the land of the tuan besars, and when he behaves in this way not only to Europeans or interviewing journalists, but to everybody he meets, Chinese, Malays, Indians, students, labourers, officials, mechanics, the impact is understandably considerable. Asians have acclaimed Britain's man in South-East Asia with almost rapturous enthusiasm. They write letters of gratitude to the Singapore newspapers.

Paradoxically, because he has claimed for himself no more importance than the next man on the bus, also with a job to do, they have put him on a pedestal in a way they have never done with any Briton since Raffles.

Protests To Churchill

When, with the change of Government in London, it seemed for a while that MacDonald might be recalled, Chinese and Malay leaders, in a flurry of dismay, sent urgent cables to Winston Churchill urging that an extension of the Commissioner-General's term of office was vital to Malaya's future.

Yet when, in 1946, Malcolm MacDonald flew out with his Canadian bride to become Governor-General of the new Malayan Union and Singapore—the wider responsibilities were added later—his welcome was far from assured. The Malayan Union, modernizing the cumbersome old structure of moribund feudal principalities, had aroused something like panic in the hitherto placid Malays, who feared they were about to be sold out to the Chinese—almost as numerous as they—who run the country's business. The Chinese, on their side, were equally fearful of being thrust back into their prewar status of third-class citizens.

There was much confused and embittered agitation. There were strikes. Shopkeepers put up their shutters in protest. And over all South-East Asia, new-born nations saw in every European administrator a potential saboteur and agent of the just vanquished Colonial Oppressor.

He Showed The Way Ahead

MacDonald set to work. His lucidity, optimism and disarming frankness soon influenced the aggrieved community leaders. MacDonald got them round a table in his Communities Liaison Committee. The ideal of a Malayan nation was set forth. As a spur to these nation-building activities, Malaya was promised self-government and, despite a crippling guerrilla war, the first stages of the evolutionary process were carried through.

All the time MacDonald, travelling about his parish, lost no opportunity of clearly signposting the way ahead—and, as he showed it, the way was inviting. Opening the All-Malayan Amateur Athletic championships in Kuala Lumpur, he told the crowd that what the classic Olympic games had done for those godlike creatures, the Greeks, these Malayan championships would do for the Malayans.

"On this padang," he said, "members of all racial communities who compose Malaya's cosmopolitan population meet and mix in friendly rivalry. . . . They forget their differences, they feel their common interests, and a spirit of kinship and unity grows among them. . . ."

It was a typical MacDonald speech. Unoriginal, without verbal fireworks, yet a happy speech, the right word in the right place, lucid and persuasive, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Two flags fly side by side over Bukit Serene, the Commissioner-General's exotic, green-tiled residence, a former palace of the Sultan of Johore, whose Disneyesque tower (complete with lift) crowns a cool hilltop just across the straits from Singapore island. One flag is bright with red and white stripes and, yellow in the corner, the Muslim crescent and star. This is the flag of the Malayan Federation—MacDonald's and Britain's show-window in South-East Asia.

The other flag is blue, with a crest that includes a leopard, and the words "South-East Asia." This, MacDonald's personal flag, represents the second and more important part of his job—as Ambassador Extraordinary to the new nations that have arisen on the ruins of three Asian colonial empires, a new world rich in strategic raw materials.

Every few weeks, MacDonald takes off from Singapore airport on his "good neighbour" rounds. He chats with the Emperor Bao Dai at Dalat, stays with Phibun, the gentle dictator of Siam, calls on U Nu, the saintly premier of Burma, exchanges *salaamats* with Achmed Sukarno, Indonesia's handsome and eloquent President. In South-East Asia, in the difficult postwar years, America has been suspect and her good intentions often frustrated; but the reputation of Britain, as the liberator of India, Burma and Ceylon, has stood high. Our words, spoken in Malcolm MacDonald's mild but persuasive tones, have borne more weight here than almost anywhere in the world.

Left His Father's Shadow

And South-East Asia in turn has done something for MacDonald. In the warm air of Malaya, his character seems to have mellowed and filled out. An observant Indian citizen of Malaya, writing to a Singapore newspaper in 1951, pointed out that whereas, before the war, with spectacles and a black homburg, their beloved Commissioner-General was inclined to look like "a school teacher fresh from college" today, in Malaya, grey-haired now but without glasses, he appeared "a growing man, younger in spirit."

Is it, perhaps, that, in Malaya, Malcolm MacDonald has been able to get right out at last from under the long shadow of his father? For, though to be the son of a historical political figure can forward one's career in its earlier stages, to a man of real individual talents it can be a disaster, too.

Ramsay MacDonald, a poor boy who had left his own board school at thirteen to work on a farm, sent his second son Malcolm to Bedales, the pioneer co-educational school in Hampshire, whence he won, in due course, an exhibition to Queen's College, Oxford. At Queen's he played in the soccer first eleven, spoke at the Union debates, took an honours degree in Modern History, and stayed on for a diploma in economics. All very normal activities, yet even then the newspapers never left him alone for long. Ramsay MacDonald's son had been "gated" . . . Ramsay MacDonald's son was to be given this or that job.

Not that Malcolm objected to being recognized as Ramsay MacDonald's son. His worship of his father dominated the first half of his life. Once, asked whether he had any early political ambitions, he said: "Yes—I had. When I was a boy, I could not enter an omnibus or a railway carriage without hearing my father's name cursed and derided. It was then that I formed my political ambition—that some day I would be the son of the Prime Minister."

Two Key Wartime Posts

The father's pride in his son was no less than the son's in his father. It was a pride that was to be amply gratified. At twenty-three, Malcolm was on his way round the world with a debating team from Oxford. When he was twenty-eight, he won Bassetlaw (Notts.) for Labour, after contesting the seat three times. At thirty, when he was Under-Secretary to the Dominions Office, newspapers were beginning to print little paragraphs about him headed "Coming Man?" When war came his abilities were recognized with two key posts—that of Minister of Health at the time

Happy picture of MacDonald with his wife.

of the evacuations, and later, of High Commissioner to Canada, when that Dominion had a vital part to play in the war effort.

MacDonald's easy democratic ways charmed the Canadians almost as much as they later did the Asians. He wrote a book about his travels in Canada's Far North; went out bird-watching at dawn on an Ottawa creek and produced another (*The Birds of Brewery Creek*—with notes on 160 species). And he vacated the long-held position of Most Eligible Bachelor in British Politics. His bride—the courtship lasted only two months—was a tall, blonde Canadian widow of thirty, a pleasant and unassuming woman with two children by her first marriage to an army officer, killed in the Rhine battles.

Had His Testing Moments

From the days when he would shut himself up with his books in the outhouse of the MacDonald backyard at Lossiemouth, Malcolm appears to have been a model character, making a steadily and orderly progress through life, doing the right things, in the proper order, at the right time. Yet he had his testing moments, too.

It could not have been easy to have been Ramsay MacDonald's son in 1931. The financial crisis opened in Labour's fraternal ranks a cleavage of a bitterness rare in British politics. But Malcolm was never in doubt of his proper course. "Blood," he told his constituents, with characteristic honesty, "is thicker than water."

When Malcolm MacDonald received office in the National Government that followed, taunts of nepotism were flung about the House and country. It was, indeed, only in the new world of Canada, and now, in the even newer world of South-East Asia, that he has enjoyed the right of every man to stand clear on his own feet and be judged on his own merit.

Yet MacDonald's triumph in South-East Asia goes deeper than mere technical competence. Until yesterday, human relations between East and West were based on the theory, still believed by the pukka sahib, that "all the native understands" is force and ostentation. Hence, imperial New Delhi, with its cohorts of trotting

Before their marriage, he was known as the most eligible bachelor in politics

Traditional wine drink for His Excellency (right) in Indo-China

lancers, its outriders, pillars and processional ways and echoing marble halls, leading up to the remote and glittering viceregal throne.

That grand apparatus collapsed before one skinny little Indian—Winston Churchill's naked fakir, Mahatma Gandhi. In the East as in the West today, the thrones are falling. Rajas and maharajas are state pensioners, now. France's attempt to rub up the magic lamp of oriental monarchy by installing the Emperor Bao Dai in Indo-China has been a dismal failure. East and West—if they are to meet at all—must meet on totally new terms.

It is Malcolm MacDonald's contribution to the history of our times that he has helped to show the way to that new relationship. At Bukit Serene, East and West have met not as "backward" Oriental and "progressive" Westerner, but simply as man to man.

MacDonald is watchful for anything which might obstruct this simple, direct contact. One of his aides, for instance, received back his notice of a meeting with the Press. He had written: "The journalists will be received by His Excellency at his Residence. . ." "Received" had been crossed out and "entertained" written in; another line had been drawn through "residence" and "home" written over the top.

Swimming Pool Diplomacy

On another occasion, four Burmese journalists were at Bukit Serene, concluding an officially-sponsored visit to see what was being done in Malaya. At first they were inclined to be silent and withdrawn. MacDonald, passing the sandwiches, started to chat away in his usual easy way. It happened to be the afternoon when he has Malay and Chinese students up for the weekly swimming party in Bukit Serene's bathing pool. Soon, the Commissioner-General was splashing in the middle of the students.

The Burmese journalists could hold back no longer. One of them, twisting up his lungyi, leapt into the water. The others borrowed costumes from an A.D.C. The Commissioner-General stayed in the pool for 1½ hours. Later at a Press conference, three of the Burmese journalists announced that Burma had made a mistake in leaving the Commonwealth!

No one is more sensitive to the nuances of character than Asians, and if MacDonald's were merely the synthetic bonhomie of "How-to-Win-Friends-and-Influence-People," he would have got nowhere at all. But, in fact, he is passionately interested in the Asian peoples and their cultures. Indian dancers who visit Singapore can rely on his patronage. He reads no novels, but Bukit Serene is littered with books on South-East Asia and its peoples.

A Kilt For The Dayaks

In the entrance hall stands a carved wooden garuda—the bird-man of the Ramayana—recently picked up on a trip to Java. And in the galleries around are scores of specimens picked up on MacDonald's trips—gaily-beaded hats from Sarawak, Dayak shields covered in human hair, Sakia blow-pipes and poisoned darts, gold-thread sarongs and silverware from the village on stilts that floats in the great bend of the Brunei River.

The Borneo territories are, in fact, the Commissioner-General's personal favourites. Whenever he needs a break, he skips across to Kuching and embarks on another of his long trips down the great brown Sarawak rivers, living rough, eating rice, and staying at Dayak long-houses. MacDonald is writing a book about these journeys into Sarawak's little-explored interior on which —in order to put his Dayak hosts at their ease— he wears a kilt.

As the Commissioner-General lies back in his boat, chugging for days up the mangrove-fringed rivers, he carries slung around his neck a pair of binoculars and a camera. He is a bird-watcher of twenty years' standing. His other hobby, photography, is pursued with equal enthusiasm, and no one in Malaya is surprised if, after reviewing a parade, the Commissioner-General suddenly steps back, whips up his Rolleiflex, and takes a picture.

In many other ways, MacDonald has knocked some of the stuffiness out of Britain's colonial administration. In Malaya, as elsewhere, the whole life of a place often revolves around its Club—often a vast and imposing building occupying a key position in the town. On this sacred ground, only whites could hope to tread. Thus, though "democracy" was loudly proclaimed, once beyond the office threshold, national leaders even of the highest degree would find themselves firmly excluded, like lepers, from a large and important area of their country's life. This scandal has long been mildly regretted by a few liberal officials: but the pukka sahibs and tuan besars were firmly dug in.

MacDonald's quiet but courageous answer was to resolutely decline to join Singapore's best and most exclusive club and join another, smaller club which admits Asian members. For a long time he was alone in this stand, and the tuans growled ominously into their stengahs. But now he has been joined by the impatient General Templer, who has told these people what he thinks about them in a way impossible to the kindly MacDonald. And one more battle is on the way to being won.

It is MacDonald's basic belief that, in recent years, Britain in the East, on the whole, has done the right things—too often, in the wrong way. "It is not our political policy, but our social policy," he says, "that has tended to spoil our relations with Asians." It has been his great service to Britain—and the West—that in his six years at Singapore he has shown the validity of that simple but important truth.

What now? Friends believe that he finds himself thoroughly at home in South-East Asia, and would like to stay on there. Now there is talk of a new international agency to smooth the relations of East and West and concert constructive effort in the new world of South-East Asia. If that should come to pass, someone will be needed to head it. And there can be little doubt who is the man for the job. THE END

"New Worlds Arising," based on Harry Hopkins's dispatches to John Bull during his tour of South-East Asia, will be published later this month by Hamish Hamilton, at 18s.

Through the horrors my child is born

In the third part of her anguished story of this mysterious affliction, the gifted poet and authoress tells how anxiety over her baby was added to the terrors of her recurring fits

THE WOMAN WHO is carrying her child, although she feels an adult and maternal responsibility for it, and a charming friendliness towards it, is not as yet so much its *mother* as its *twin*. At least so I felt. My child had made a choice of me. It was the year 1950 and in August, as I walked in the woods, I was certain, for although there was no stirring in me, I discovered that I was no longer alone.

To take leave of myself had become a commonplace. To create, although in another form, something from within me, was a commonplace also. Therefore, although I was over forty and had assuredly never expected motherhood, the prospect of it was less of a shock, less of a surprise, less of a novelty, less of an untried experience than it might have been to someone much younger and in more perfect

Margiad Evans (right) with the neighbours to whom she always went for help. Drugs made her fits less severe, but even more terrible to endure

health. Triumph I did feel, inseparable from the fulfilment of the purpose for which I was a woman: but I confess that it was a lesser one than I had already had in finding a child in the womb of my brain.

Humanly it may be the supreme outlet for a woman's passion—to bear a child; but artistically it is not, and I will never believe that it can lastingly influence a woman artist from her greatest instinct.

At this stage I was still hoping that the remark of Professor ——— (who had examined me after my first fit) that I might never have another fit if I followed the treatment might be the truth. And therefore, remembering his words about my epilepsy being caused in all likelihood by a small scar on the brain, comparatively comfortable about the unborn child. However, I was not to escape without plunging far deeper into the darkness of epilepsy than that.

One morning in our cottage, I got up fairly early and went downstairs to make tea. I carried the tray upstairs, put it down by the bed and the next moment, it seemed, heard my husband saying as my head lay on the pillow: "How do you feel, dear?"

Amazement That Remains

Astonished, I answered drowsily that I felt very well. Why? "Because you have just had another attack," he said. With these words, an amazement entered into me which has never left me. Ever since, I have been incredulous of all things firm and material. The light has held patches of invisible blackness. Time has become as rotten as worm-eaten wood, the earth under me is full of trapdoors and the sense of being, which is life and all that surrounds and creates it, a thing taken and given irresponsibly and without warning as children snatch at a toy. Sight, hearing, touch, consciousness, torn from one like a nest from a bird!

Of course, it was only slowly that I realized the truth as my eyes discovered a blood-stained pillow-case, my senses a tongue bitten through at the edge, for it seemed my husband had had as little warning as myself. It had been a swift performance. One kick, he said, as I lay down, and he cried, "What are you doing?" and turned and saw. It had lasted twenty minutes. He had changed the pillow-case under my head. Twenty minutes—and less than a blink to me. For this time, as I had been lying in bed and was not hurt apart from my tongue, I felt no illness afterwards. In fact the tea was still hot and we drank it quite as usual.

This was my second major or total attack of epilepsy. It was strange, I thought, how ahead almost of the instantaneous, one disappears into epileptic oblivion, and how slowly and wanderingly one leaves it, roaming, and grasping at one's familiar surroundings, like a person hauling himself through a thick dark wood by holding on to the extended branches of the trees.

Oblivion Is Denied Me

I did not find these total fits (of which I had only two) anything like so horrible as those decreased or slowed down by the drugs, as the rest were to be. In the complete instantaneous loss of consciousness, oblivion is ahead of sensation. In the case of the decreased and dwindling attack which follows the treatment by drugs, and often leads finally to freedom from the disease, the reverse is the order, and sensation is ahead of oblivion by several seconds which seem themselves whole universes of a terribly helpless, *silly*, and yet *knowing* existence.

I use those words "silly" and "knowing" in their combined sense of the word "cunning." For, hideous as it seems, for some seconds the brain of the sufferer appears to think it can elude the inevitable darkness by a sort of cunning, a crude shiftiness. The final feeling in a decreased fit, before unconsciousness supervenes, is, as it were, a giggling irresponsibility. It is the most appalling, the most horrifying experience I have passed through, those final stages of consciousness. However, I have not yet come to that; and will do so later.

My recovery from the second major fit was very quick. But, as I have said, my security was gone. From then onward I never felt sure when I might be doing something normal one moment, and the next hear someone saying: "How do you feel?" Things no longer flowed, no longer joined. It was as if one were able to see dry patches of ground suddenly in the course of a rolling river. Everyone knows what electricity cuts are, or a fuse from lightning when every light goes out. Imagine that darkness, and yourself going with the light, to reappear when it comes on again, *but doing something totally different*.

There was also the dismal medical aspect. I do not seem to have written anything in my diary except this significant note: "Of course I realize that two fits are more than twice as serious as one."

And then, on August 20. "I wish I hadn't this poor mole of a child in me, whose rising presence in the cottage is less than the disease. There is then a real flaw. There will be other attacks. What to *do*? M——— told me that as soon as he had said to me, 'You've had another attack,' I replied emphatically, 'The child mustn't be born,' and groaned. I don't remember that—I can't have been fully conscious; but I was right, oh I was right! I went to the maternity hospital, to the clinic. 'You will have your baby here!' the doctor said. 'But I am an epileptic,' I replied. 'All the more reason to have it here and not at home.' What I had meant was, ought I to have it? I dressed and came away. Well, if I must have it I need not live nor, when it comes to the struggle, help it into the world."

And, characteristically, I added this footnote: "Perhaps I shan't live long. I could die very lazily."

But no normal pregnant woman can think of the extinction of her child, her mysterious twin, without anguish. My horror of the twist in my brain, of its possible inheritance by my baby, may have made it *seem* that I was anxious not to bear it. But it was not so, truly.

Doctor Was Reassuring

In the end it was decided that the best thing was to ask Dr. H———, who was in charge of an epileptic colony, for his advice and soon afterwards my husband and I went to my sister, who lived near the colony.

The day before we went, we were gardening when Dr. Y——— came out from Cheltenham. He had always maintained that, as far as the child was concerned, all would be well, though he thought it would be quite wise to consult Dr. H——— who happened to be a very old friend of his.

I can see Dr. Y——— now, standing in the cottage garden, an open book in his hand, his finger on the page keeping it down against the wind, reading over his glasses a passage from *Nervous Diseases* by the Professor of Neurology at London University, which he said was the last and most up-to-date work on epilepsy. This paragraph declared in effect that the liberty of epileptic people in the matter of sex, marriage and childbirth, had always been unwarrantably constricted, and that there was in reality only

Out walking with her dog, Rosie. Often when the attacks came, the dog was her sole companion

Leaning on the gate of her cottage, Margiad Evans chats with her "courageous and wise" friend

a very slight danger of its being hereditary. "So there you are!" cried he, with a piercing look, and drove off in triumph.

We had such an admiration for Dr. Y—— that it was a most unhappy surprise to me to find that Dr. H—— did not agree with this view. He had had twenty-five years of practical experience among epileptics. He asked me a lot of questions about my two fits. He looked at my tongue, which was green and swollen still where it had been bitten. Finally, "Hum," said he, "I don't wonder you're worried. The best thing is to ask Dr. Y—— to get Professor —— to see you at once. For if they are going to operate it must be soon.

"It is a horrible thing," he said as he walked with me to the door. And then, with a glittering look of pure concentration, "but how very interesting!"

I thought so and think so still.

My Child Was To Live

Professor —— agreed with Dr. Y——. He saw me on September 29, when I was four months gone with child. It was a quiet, warm day, and the professor spoke to me in a soft, haughty voice. Before my inward eyes, this man seemed to spread the authoritative, the peacock, wings of an archangel. The child was to live. It was mine and I was to keep it. As he told me I wasn't suffering from the hereditary type of epilepsy and so could not pass it on, two tears rose to my eyes and slowly spilled. One, it seemed, was mine, and one the child's. They were all I had to say to him, to truth and to God.

The professor's face did not change as he saw our tears. Neither did his voice move up or down from its usual proud and soft note as he continued: "Epilepsy is so common a trouble that there is, of course, always a chance that any woman may have an epileptic child. But you no more than any other. Do you know, have you any idea, how many epileptic people there are walking about, taking part in public life? I am sure you have not. In Switzerland, for instance, where a census of them was taken, the percentage was as high as one in a hundred. And if that was admitted you may be sure that in truth it was more than twice as high."

And he continued: "In every European country where the affliction has been carefully notified and studied they have entirely failed to prove that it is hereditary. There is only one kind that we regard as dangerous in such a way, and that is where it is accompanied by mental defectiveness."

He paused and for the first time showed me his irradiating smile. "That is obviously not your type," he said. "Go home, then, live as you have always lived, work your brain, for that is good for it, and ask Dr. Y—— to let me know when the child is born. I shall want to see it, you know, for your sake."

I walked out into the sunlight where my friend was waiting for me and we ran downhill. That day I bought the first clothes for my baby.

When Professor —— and Dr. Y—— first began to prescribe for me I was nervous of being alone in the cottage. No one of my family was free to stay with me and it was impossible for my husband to interrupt his teacher's course. Someone, however, came and I remember one day Dr. Y—— saying: "Have you found an old cow to stay with you?"

"No, a man is coming."

"A *bull*, eh?" and the doctor laughed.

The bull was a tall, slender young man, whom I shall call B, a very, very old friend of mine whom I had known since he was a boy. A descendant of Shelley, a poet himself, who had been in the R.A.M.C.—no one could have been more apt. He left his own cottage in Herefordshire, where he lived alone and wrote, and came to stay with me.

My introduction to the drugs proved absolutely successful, I had no fits and B and I lived extremely amicably, squabbling over poetry, reading, cooking and everything except our passion for village and field life. But by October he was gone and winter, at nearly a thousand feet up, was beginning. Cloud-fogs blew along the plateau where the village rested —different from valley fogs because they were as full of movement as valley fog is of stillness. They were like sheep—a flock of fogs that rolled past the windows of the cottage.

I Felt Very Carefree

On October 24 I fancied I had had one of my old very slight attacks of dizziness; and this encouraged me to believe that the worst was past and I was returning to what was normal for me. It made me very carefree.

But on October 31, just as I was going to eat my lunch, having finished a whole morning's washing, I was shown abruptly that there was no truth yet in believing myself better.

The food was on the table, the oil stove lit. I picked up the coffee percolator to fill it. Just as I reached the sink and was standing in the doorway, I found I could not move, could not remember what I wanted to do. It seemed a long time that I stood there (actually perhaps a few seconds) saying to myself: "This is nothing. It will be all right in a moment and I shall remember *all the rest.*" Then I felt my head beginning to jerk backwards and my face to grimace.

The percolator fell from my hand into the sink. But still some dogged part of me kept saying: "All this is really controllable." I was still conscious and felt violent gestures and spasms shooting all over me, even till I felt my knees give and I fell down on the concrete floor. As I went, it shot through me, the astonishment: "As bad as this, then?"

The next thing I remember was the B——s' kitchen and Betty B——, God bless her, giving me tea and talking to me in the tone mothers use to little children coming out of nightmares. Rosie, my dog, was by me, sitting at my feet. I asked the time. They said it was two o'clock. Half an hour had *gone*.

Obscurity Never Lifts

I had not the slightest recollection of picking myself up or walking one hundred yards up the road or going into their kitchen. Nor, for an hour or two, of what had happened before I fell. This came back to me by degrees; but the return to action never. It is always so—the last few seconds are preternaturally distinct—the last sight always particularly remembered, as if the warning symptoms of a fit were an emotion by which all things are charged with extra reality and significance: but the coming round is an obscurity that never lifts.

Major B—— went back to the cottage and found my spectacles broken on the concrete floor. I had evidently trodden on them as I got up. I had cut my eyebrow, bruised my cheek, bruised my hand, my shoulder and my knee; and yet for anything I had felt in crashing down on that concrete floor, it might have been a feather bed.

After this, I ceased to assure myself that I had come to some sort of terms with my pursuer: and the horror which I had *refused* to admit, I had to confess to myself. If the drugs could do no more that prolong consciousness into the fit, then I would rather fall as I did at first, knowing nothing.

But Dr. Y—— came out the next day and said it was impossible to tell how many fits I might

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The snow was even heavier as they started down the hill. Laker led the way, a policeman on either side and another following watchfully behind

TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

For a condemned man, his request had sounded innocent enough. He wanted a last look at the country he loved

THE BLACK CAR was approaching Kendal from the south when Laker made his request. He glanced at the big, expressionless face of Denton, sitting in the back with him. "Now it's all over, will you do me a favour?"

"What's that?"

"We're not far from Iredale," said Laker, in a quiet, taut voice. "I've had some grand times there. I'd very much like a—last look."

Denton's pale blue eyes were reflective. He leaned forward and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"How much extra would it mean, Edwards?"

"Two hours, likely. Turn left for Rowandale, and over Irehause Pass."

"That all right for cars?"

"Not too bad at all, sir. It was tarred and chipped last year, I know. Gradient's one in four in places. But we could do it, all right."

"I was across there in April," said solid Barnard, at Edwards's side.

"Very well," said Denton, and silence came back over them like a cloak. In the case of three of them, it might have been the silence of sympathy or just the impassive manner of their kind. As for the fourth, Laker, he preferred to keep his own thoughts at bay and stare at the upflung scenery flowing past. He was trying to get all he could out of the present. For a man who had lost his appeal against conviction for murder, it would have been silly to consider the future.

The car drove on through the cold, bright November afternoon. The wind was easterly, biting and steady. The fells stood up sharp and hard against the clean sky, and because of the dryness the old brackens were more grey-brown than bronze. Above them, the crags had a steely glint. He looked at a dizzy breast rearing up to a knotty summit, and instinctively worked out a line of ascent. He could almost feel the pleasurable ache of his panting lungs, the coldness of the rock under his curving fingers, the straining of his calf muscles.

The car started climbing the long shoulder leading to the descent into Rowandale. They had the world to themselves, an encampment of peaks undulating to the horizon. The wind up here had a hissing whistle. It was when they had coasted down to the trough of the dale itself that Laker began to moisten his lips. From here, looking up to the right, he could see the towering, broken line of the Scafell group—the place where it had happened. He became very still.

The steep ribbon twisting up to the summit of Irehause Pass loomed in front. Edwards changed gear, and took it upon himself to halt the car at the top. On either side of them piled swart fells, sombre rock-faces, tilted, boulder-strewn desolation. Below lay spread the loveliness of Iredale, a long, green, thin fan, the toy fields bordered by the tracery of intake walls, the few farmhouses snug boxes of local stone, the spinneys delicate against the mightiness under which they nestled. Pale dots starred one tiny field. They were the first of the ewes brought down for breeding. To the west the Irish Sea was grey and leaden.

Laker stared at it all, and nobody spoke. Everything he saw vibrated with memories. They stayed like that for some time. A darkness grew, and for a moment he thought it had been born in his mind. But Edwards made a quick sound, and stared backwards. The sky behind was a leaden line, widening rapidly. Snow was near.

Denton, a man of decision, said: "Get cracking. Don't want to be caught here."

Before they had descended the first steep

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Variety's diplomat puts on a Royal show

by IAN BEVAN

Staging a Command Performance calls for tact, calm and long experience. To Harry Marlow falls the task of avoiding controversy and placating the stars in the bill—as well as those who are out

THE MAN WHO ARRANGES London's biggest theatrical show of the year—the Royal variety performance—must be a little bit of everything, from stagehand to diplomat. A lifetime in show business, and thirty years' contact with Court circles, have qualified Harry Marlow for this unusual job. Slim, grey-haired and sixty-eight, he has the qualities, rare in the theatre, of instinctive tact and perpetual calm.

He was taught that Royal occasions must run exactly to time when King George V walked out at the end of a late-running show, glanced significantly at his watch, and said, "The staff at the Palace have been told what time to expect us. I don't like to keep them waiting." The curtain had come down seven minutes behind schedule.

Marlow proved his ability as a diplomat after a comedian's impersonation of King Farouk at last year's show had drawn a strong protest from the Egyptian Embassy. The impersonation was impromptu, during the audience "warm-up" before the arrival of the Royal party, but it was a breach of good taste which might have involved the Crown in a political fracas. Marlow intervened with a prompt apology, and persuaded everyone that no harm had been intended.

Every year, Marlow has to face angry performers who have not been chosen to take part, and performers who have been chosen but don't like their places on the programme.

Plenty To Think About

His method of dealing with them is simple: he starts explaining in detail the problems of arranging the show. For example, because Royalty must not be involved in public controversy, the Royal show never includes performing animal acts. By the end the performers are so overwhelmed with the complexities of it all that they forget their own distress and offer him their sympathy.

In conjunction with the big men of the variety world—Stoll, Wylie, Black, Parnell, Hylton, Littler—Marlow has organized these famous charity shows since 1921, and helped to imbue everyone involved in them with the ideas of careful planning and firm discipline which make them run smoothly even though they are put together in less than forty-eight hours and played for one night only.

The discipline applies equally to callboy or chairman of directors. After the Palladium show in 1946, J. Arthur Rank, chairman of the General Theatre Corporation, which then controlled the theatre, was one of the group due to say goodbye to the Royal party. He was sitting on the far side of the theatre, and took a little too long to get out of his seat at the end of the show. He was caught in the aisle by the first bars of the national anthem, and had to stand at attention until it was finished. Then he dashed for the stairs which led past the Royal box, but was stopped by an attendant.

"No one can go up these stairs after the anthem, until the Royal party has left," said the attendant.

"But I'm the chairman of directors," protested Rank.

"I know you are," admitted the attendant, "but those are my orders."

Rank missed saying goodbye to their Majesties, and the attendant still holds his job at the Palladium. "On these occasions," says Marlow, "you've got to be strict."

His strictness applies in other ways. For many years he would never allow chorus girls to appear unless they wore stockings. When the young Princesses began attending, he blue-pencilled the gags and warned comedians, "Remember, there will be two young girls in the theatre tonight."

One of his strictest rules is that no flowers may be presented to individual artists during the show. Noni, the sad-faced clown, ended his act with a despairing glance at the conductor, and the heart-rending query: "No flowers for me?" Queen Mary was so touched that she took a flower from her bouquet and gave it to Marlow for Noni. "I felt so sorry for him," she said.

Jack Benny, Bud Flanagan and Dinah Shore help Marlow to cut the cake at the twenty-first birthday party of Command Performance. The shows have raised £250,000

Fire Stopped First Show

The first Royal variety show of all should have taken place in 1911 at the Edinburgh Empire. King George V had commanded the performance to coincide with his visit for the city's coronation festivities. But a few weeks before it was to take place, fire destroyed the theatre's stage and killed ten people, among them the well-known magician, the Great Lafayette. The idea of a Royal variety show was temporarily abandoned.

The King renewed his support of music hall by commanding a performance at the London Palace on July 1, 1912. The programme included Vesta Tilley, doing her usual act as a male impersonator, and Queen Mary was so shocked by the sight of a woman in trousers that she averted her eyes. But otherwise it was a great success, and Oswald Stoll joyfully proclaimed: "The Cinderella of the arts has gone to the ball."

This show of 1912 was the only real "command" music hall performance that has ever been held. Royal patronage was given to

Marlow receives the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) and Princess Margaret at a Royal show

told him what he has told many other headliners—a Royal performance audience laughs much less freely than an average audience. It seems to take an almost superhuman effort to make people forget they are in the presence of Royalty. Instead of laughing at a joke, they look first at the Royal box to see whether the occupants are laughing. Then it is too late to laugh, and the comedian is left high and dry.

Audiences became so frigid, in fact, that Marlow eagerly agreed when Val Parnell, the Palladium's boss, suggested adapting the "warm-up" technique of radio, which gets studio audiences into a receptive mood before shows go on the air. So Parnell prefaced the 1950 performance with a quarter of an hour's knockabout fooling before the Royal party arrived.

Marquess Was The Victim

Tommy Trinder and the Crazy Gang threatened dire action against anyone who failed to laugh. Two of the Gang illustrated what they would do by marching down into the stalls, seizing the Marquess of Blandford, and tearing his stiff shirt out from his waistcoat. (The Marquess had been warned beforehand, and equipped in the manager's office with a paper dickey over his shirt-front.) The result was a relaxed and enthusiastic audience which helped the show to go with a swing, and the "warm-up" will almost certainly become a standard preface to Royal performances.

The Crazy Gang has been in eight Royal performances—more than any other act. Although the Royal Family never expresses any personal opinions about individual acts, King George VI was known to love slapstick comedy, and the Queen Mother is an admirer of Bud Flanagan.

The late King was a keen-eyed theatregoer, and often surprised people with the minor details that he noticed. When Woolf Phillips conducted the orchestra for the first time at a Royal performance, the King told Marlow during the interval: "You've got a new conductor, and he's left-handed. The first time I've seen a left-handed conductor." Marlow, who had seen Phillips several times, had never noticed before that he held the baton in his left hand.

During the interval, the Royal guests are given light refreshments in an ante-room behind their box—hospitality which provided Royal variety with its most embarrassing incident. It occurred at the first postwar show, held at the Coliseum, which was the first time that the Princesses accompanied their parents. To mark the occasion, the manager of the theatre, Sam Harbour, bought a huge box of chocolates (for which the theatre staff pooled their points).

Princesses Knelt To Help

In the interval, he picked up the box and with a sickening noise the bottom fell out and the chocolates cascaded in a heap on the floor. The King, standing nearby, turned round startled by the noise and said, "What have I done?" and the Queen moved over to Harbour and said, "May I have one?"

"Your Majesty, if you did it would soften the blow," he replied. With which he handed the Queen a chocolate, and the Princesses knelt to help him to pick up the rest.

Marlow also remembers the time a telephone rang in the Coliseum ante-room during the interval and the King answered it. He turned round and said, "Someone's asking Sam when we'll be ready for the second half."

But those are minor matters. Touching wood and crossing his fingers, Marlow says that nothing really serious has ever interrupted the complicated timetable of the show. "It's a man-sized job," he admits, "but there's not a person in show business who isn't proud and anxious to take part." And over the years, almost all the big names of British music hall have done so. Only one name has ever been crossed off by Buckingham Palace officials from the lists which Marlow submits for Royal approval. That name? Marlow swears he will never tell. THE END

a charity show in 1919 and, when Marlow was appointed to raise money for the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund in 1921, he was able to win Royal patronage for an annual show. Since then, the series has been interrupted only by Royal illness, the abdication, and the war.

If the show were really held at the Monarch's command, so many tickets would have to go to Court and diplomatic guests that there would be very few left to sell for charity. As it is, every seat in the theatre is sold at prices up to twenty guineas, and standing room costs a guinea. In the big Palladium and Coliseum theatres, these prices produce about £1,800. Since the shows began, they have raised almost £250,000.

When the Royal guests are leaving, they invariably ask how much has been raised for charity. One year, Sir Oswald Stoll rashly overestimated the takings by £500. Next morning, he made up the balance with his own cheque.

In 1921, when the top price was only three guineas, tickets sold slowly, and a week before the show Marlow feared it would be a flop. Then, three days later, the engagement of the Princess Royal to the Earl of Harewood was announced, and the couple planned to make their first public appearance together at the theatre. There was a last minute rush for seats, and a full house.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh made their first joint public appearance, after the announcement of their engagement, at the Palladium in 1947. In fact, there has been something special about Royal appearances at the variety show almost every year. Last year, the distinctive touch was provided by the presence of two of the King's nurses.

Next week's performance at the Palladium will be the twenty-third that Marlow has arranged, and Queen Elizabeth will be the third sovereign he has greeted on behalf of the music hall profession. His own career started when Queen Victoria was on the throne. His salary in those days—and he was often top of the bill—was rarely more than £6 a week. Today, film stars earning up to a thousand times as much are glad to play for nothing in Marlow's Royal programme.

Shock For Danny Kaye

When Danny Kaye was invited to appear in the 1948 show, his Hollywood studio suspended production of his current film for ten days, at a cost of £12,000, and Danny flew to London at his own expense. He was given a quarter of an hour on the programme (in recent years, Gracie Fields is the only other performer who has been given as long), and the unexpected result was the coolest reception that Danny has ever had from a British audience.

Some critics suggested that he had flopped. He thought so himself the next day, but Marlow

WINDOM'S WAY

by ***JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

A brooding silence hung over the village; and Lee, bored and lonely, began to drink. . . . She prayed for Windom's return, for something—anything—to happen

THE PLANE, GLEAMING SILVER in the sun, swept in low over the plantation. The white man among the coolies below gave a sudden shout. Before they could take cover, machine gun bullets were thudding among them, and five men had fallen.

The white man was Dr. Alec Windom; the place, Papaan, a village in South-East Asia on the frontiers of the Cold War. To the natives, Windom was a legendary figure, more than a doctor and something of a saint. He had thrown up his fashionable New York practice to devote his life to them, and they returned his devotion.

None was more devoted than Anna Vidal, his young head nurse. But illness and disease were only half Papaan's troubles. The workers on the local rubber plantation—led by Anna's brother, Jan—threatened revolt. Schusterman, the plantation manager, denied them any rights at all. Windom advised them to strike.

It was into this situation that Lenore, Windom's wife, arrived unexpectedly, determined to share the life he had chosen and to give their marriage a second chance. Windom knew her weaknesses—she was pampered and pleasure-loving, and drank more than was good for her. But he loved her; he wanted her with him.

The strike did not come off. Refusing to negotiate, Schusterman called in the local police.

Crazed by their brutality, the coolies burnt down the plantation. In the orgy of bloodshed which followed, eight were killed, including Bilko, the hated police sergeant, and thirty wounded. But Schusterman escaped, and fled to the capital to ask for troops.

Papaan settled to an uneasy calm. Windom knew it could not last; Schusterman would return—with the army. Windom promised Jan Vidal and the plantation workers that he would plead their case. Meanwhile they were to rebuild the plantation property to prove their good faith.

It was while they were working on the plantation buildings that the government plane attacked. It was no use advising moderation now; the people were in a fighting mood. Barricading the jail, they prepared to meet the troops—with force.

PART 4

"I Will Leave Papaan"

IN the crowded jailyard, men were moving about in all directions, carrying rifles, crates and bales. On the steps a group was knotted together in some sort of wrangle, and inside were even more people—fetching, carrying, arguing, shouting. Ordinarily Windom could not move through the village without being stopped and greeted by half its inhabitants, but now no one so much as noticed him.

Followed by Anna, he made his way to the small office where, three weeks before, he had found Jan sitting with the bodies of Amyan and Bilko. Jan was there again, but this time not in silence and grief. Men were running in and out, asking questions, taking orders. Two were receiving guns and crates from the others and stacking them against the wall. In a corner, Mamarta Vidal squatted like a brown gnome, sorting out foodstuffs and ammunition.

"Mother, go home," Anna told her sharply. "This is no place for you."

"The place for me," said the old woman, "is where there is trouble for my family." She looked at Windom. "Excuse me that I do not rise, my doctor," she apologized. "But my skirts are full of yams and bullets."

"Mother, please . . ." Anna said.

WINDOM stood looking at Jan Vidal, and Jan looked back at him. The flow of men in and out stopped. The two who had been stacking crates and rifles moved quietly to the door.

"Commander Vidal's headquarters, I presume?" said Windom.

"This is headquarters, yes," Jan answered. "For the defence of Papaan."

Windom's grey eyes were steady on his face. "Have you lost your mind, Jan?" he asked quietly. "You expect to defend the village against a battalion of troops?"

"Not the village—no. We cannot defend that. But here in the jail, yes. We can hold out for days."

"Call it weeks. And what then?" Jan didn't answer. "And what about the rest of the village *while* you're holding out—the women, the children, the old ones? What's going to happen to them?"

Again no answer. Windom put a hand on Jan's arm. "You can't do it," he said, "and you know it. Get your men together and call off this crazy thing."

Jan looked at him sullenly. "What do you expect us to do? Celebrate because troops are coming? Meet them with cakes and wine?"

"The first thing I expect is for you to show a glimmer of reason."

"Reason?" Jan's sullenness swelled into

Belhedron turned angrily from Anna to Windom. "I

anger. "I seem to remember your talking about reason before, my doctor. We must be reasonable and rebuild the plantation—yes? We must be reasonable and wait quietly to be machine gunned. Now I suppose we are to be reasonable while they stand us all up against a wall?"

"They aren't going to——"

"No, of course—they aren't going to. You know just what they will do, and you tell us what we should do. Just as you told us before, and we did what you said, and look what has happened——"

"Jan—you can't talk like that to the doctor!" Anna took a step forward, but her brother turned on her savagely.

"How do you want me to talk?" he demanded. "What I say is true. He tells us that if we do this and that, then everything will be all right. They will meet us half way. So we do it—and they meet us with bullets."

"That is only because they think——"

"That we are bandits. Enemies." Jan looked at them defiantly. "All right. If that is

will let go of her when she tells me where her brother is," he said. Windom stepped forward. "No, you won't," he said. "You'll let go of her now"

what they make us, that is what we are. All our lives we have been—what? Coolies, slaves, pack animals. Now we are something else, and perhaps it will be better."

"Yes, better," Mamarta Vidal put in from her corner. She cackled happily. "We will show them whose slaves we are—hey, my son? Just as we did the Japs."

"These aren't Japs that are coming," said Windom. "They are your own people."

"No," Jan said. "They are not our people. Once, perhaps, they were. But no more. They are the owners' people, the rulers' people, the white men's people. They have sold themselves to the white men. For money. For power. And they are no longer our people, but our enemies."

His dark eyes, fixed on Windom, held not only challenge but pleading. "You have helped us, my doctor," he said. "You have healed our bodies when we have been sick. But now it is more than bodies and sickness; it is men and the lives of men."

There was a pause. Jan's eyes went to the men who were watching at the door, and he beckoned them in.

"No, Jan," said Windom.

Jan turned and looked at him.

"What you are doing is not only wrong, but stupid."

A half-dozen of the men had come into the room. They stood in a silent group, waiting for Jan to say something.

"You cannot stop us," said Jan at last.

"No," Windom answered. "I can't stop you. But there's one thing I can and will do."

"Yes?"

"I will leave Papaan."

ANOTHER silence followed, longer than before. Then Mamarta Vidal got quickly to her feet, yams and bullets spilling around her on to the floor. "No, no, my doctor," she croaked.

Anna said nothing; but her body went rigid and her lips white.

"If you go on with this," said Windom quietly, "I will go back to the hospital now. I will pack my things and get into the jeep and drive away this morning."

"My doctor. . . ." Anna murmured.

Jan started to speak, stopped, looked at the group of men. The men looked at one another, their eyes puzzled and troubled.

"What would you have us do, my doctor?" asked one. "Wait here to be killed?"

Windom shook his head. "My suggestion—if you've got around to listening to it—is that you leave the village."

"Leave it? For where?"

"For the hills. The forest." All the men seemed about to speak at once, but Windom went on. "I don't mean everyone," he said. "Only the plantation men; the ones involved in the trouble. It won't be for long. A few days, perhaps; at most, a few weeks."

"And then?"

"Then the troops will come. With them, the officials, the authorities. And I shall tell them what has happened here. Not the rumours and lies they have heard, but the truth. And I think

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

MOST jockeys worry about being overweight, but I had to eat like a horse to get my first "professional" riding assignment—for a film reconstruction of the Grand National. I was just eleven years old at the time, and for three months I ate nothing but steaks in order to gain weight and add some inches to my height.

Actually, I had been riding since I was four—but only for fun. Before the war my father ran an art gallery in London and we had a home in Hampstead Garden Suburb. In the summer we sometimes went to a cottage in Kent owned by my godfather.

He gave me a Newfoundland pony called Betty who was supposed to have thrown Anthony Eden three times. Though she was very independent with grown-ups, she was fond of children and gave me no trouble at all, except that the only way I could get her in from the fields to be saddled was to send my golden retriever Monty after her. Betty would do anything for him.

Kent is still my favourite county, and I love going back to the secluded places where my brother and I used to gather mushrooms and collect all sorts of insects and small animals. My first book, which I illustrated myself, was the story of my pets. I was fourteen when I wrote it.

Now that I'm twenty, those days seem far away, but riding is still my favourite sport. However, I don't think I'll have another day's riding as thrilling as the one when this picture was taken. After all, one doesn't ride the winner of the Grand National every day—even if the course is a Hollywood replica of Aintree based on photographs.

The "jockey" is now a famous film star. For the name, turn to page 39

they'll listen to what I say and believe me."

Again the men exchanged glances. Jan shook his head. "We cannot do it. It is running away."

Windom shrugged. "All right. Then I'll go."

"I—I am sorry, my doctor——"

"Never mind being sorry. Think of your village and your people. You want to be their leader. All right, lead them. But don't destroy them. You're a man now, not a boy, and being a little tin hero isn't enough."

"You cannot say to me that I am——"

Windom put a hand lightly on Jan's shoulder. "Think it over," he said.

Then he turned and left the room.

JAN VIDAL said: "Of the plantation men, sixty-eight will go. That is all of us, except six who are still sick or weak and nine who have refused. Also, there are twenty-two not from the plantation who wish to come. There are thirty women and children. Which makes a total of one hundred and twenty."

"Why the women and children?"

"Some of the men will not go without their families. And some of the women will not stay without their men."

"Won't they make it more difficult?"

A little, perhaps. But it is better that way than the other."

Jan was quiet, unemotional, businesslike. According to Anna, he and his lieutenants had conferred for about an hour after Windom left the jail. Then they had called all the men together in the jail yard. And now he had come to the hospital.

"You have enough food?" Windom asked him.

"Yes. Each man will bring rations for three weeks, and our meat we will get by hunting." He paused and looked up. "For this we will need the guns, my doctor."

"That's all right," said Windom. "When will you be ready to go?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Good."

"We will go up to the head of the valley," Jan continued, "and then follow the trail towards the north-east. It is wild country there, well hidden, good for game; yet high enough so it is not true jungle."

"How will we find you?"

"We have talked of that, too, and it should not be difficult. Near the ridge of Blue Mountain there is an open space which gives a long view of the trail below. We will leave a few men there as an outpost, and when you send for us they will lead the messengers to our camp." Jan paused and regarded Windom steadily. "*If* they are your messengers, my doctor," he added. "If they are not—if they are the others—we will do other things."

"They'll be my messengers," Windom assured him. "Or, better yet, I'll come myself."

"You are certain you can do this thing?"

"Let's say confident, Jan."

"We will keep our rice paddies?"

"Yes."

"The crop will be ours?"

"Yes."

"And there will be no reprisals for what has happened?"

"No."

Doubt and hope struggled in Jan's face. "If you can do this . . ." he said haltingly. "If you can do this, my doctor, it will be——"

"At least better than being dead or in prison," supplied Windom. He smiled a little, stood up and extended his hand. "Good luck to us, Jan."

The village soon seethed with preparations and excitement. Crowds filled the streets, the bazaars, the warehouse, and spilled over into the compound and hallways of the hospital.

"How I wish I could go with the men," lamented Lollivar. "It is my place, really—at their head—leading them, counselling them." He dabbed at his face with his handkerchief. "But this is my place even more," he pointed out. "Where the danger is even greater. Where firm hands are needed for control and wise judgment for negotiation. . . ."

IN the thin, grey morning rain the procession moved out towards the valley road. There were men with guns and men with sacks and bales; men waving and shouting and men plodding glumly with their eyes on the ground. There were a half-dozen boys racing ahead excitedly, and Kosti watching them from the bungalow steps. There was a bullock cart piled high with foodstuffs and supplies, and on the top of the pile, Mamarta Vidal, with a great curved sword lying across her knees. She had insisted on going.

Windom waved. Anna waved. Lollivar waved, too, and called out: "When you return, my brave people, it will be as heroes in triumph. . . ."

Mamarta Vidal spat out a gob of betel juice.

Then Jan was standing beside Windom. "We are leaving our village to you, my doctor," he said.

Windom nodded.

"Our fields, our homes, our families, our future." Jan paused, his eyes dark and steady on Windom's face. "You know this, do you not?" he added quietly. "We would leave them to no one in the world except to you."

Then he was gone: a part of the procession; one figure among a hundred figures moving off along the street in the rain.

All day the rain fell. And most of the next. On the third day it stopped, and there were intervals when the sun appeared, but it was only a pale, remote gleam beyond the veils of mist.

No breath of wind stirred. The valley lay sodden and torpid under a pall of heat.

The village waited. . . . In the streets and the bazaar, life moved in a sluggish half-current, flowing through a dubious no-man's-land between yesterday and tomorrow, between anticipation and fear.

And no troops appeared.

"They are held up by the rains," the villagers said. "They will not come for weeks." "Or not at all." "They are going to the north to fight Than-kar." "And our men can return to us."

In the hospital the air hung heavy and stagnant in the corridors and wards. The patients lay strengthless on their damp cots. At the operating table, while he performed a colostomy on one of the men who had been machine-gunned, Windom had to call in an extra student nurse to stand beside him and wipe the sweat from his eyes.

"Now that you've finished with the wounded," Lenore pleaded with him, "you should rest a little."

"Yes, I may, for a few days," agreed Windom.

BUT the next afternoon, word arrived that several cases of cholera had broken out in a village down the coast. And that night he told her he would have to go.

"Go? Now?" Lenore asked.

"In the morning."

"For the day, you mean?"

"I'm afraid it will be longer than that. Cholera is a bad business."

"Longer?" She looked at him miserably. "Oh, no, Alec! Not now. Just when you're able to relax for the first time and we could be together a little." She paused, close to tears. "It's unfair. It's like——"

Windom smiled thinly. "Like being married to a doctor," he said.

"Let me come, too, then."

He shook his head. "No, Lee. Not with cholera. It's impossible."

"Is Anna going?"

Something in her voice made him look at her a moment before he answered. "No," he said. "Anna has to stay at the hospital."

"Couldn't you stay and she go?" A begging, almost desperate, note was creeping into her words. Then, abruptly, she checked herself. "I'm sorry, Alec," she murmured. "I didn't mean it. If you have to go, you have to; I know that. It's only—only that I was hoping so—that maybe we could. . . ."

Her voice trailed away, and Windom put his arms around her. "When I come back," he said.

"Yes, when you come back. Only by then probably the troops. . . ." She clutched at another thought. "Mayn't they come while you're gone?" she asked. "Wouldn't that be very bad—if they came while you're gone?"

"I've thought of that," he said. "But I can't let a whole village be wiped out by cholera while I sit around waiting. Besides, it's not far. If they come, Lollivar will send word in one of the plantation trucks, and I can be back in two hours."

He kissed her lightly. "All right?"

At last she smiled back at him. "Yes, all right."

But later that night she still knew that it

Continued on page 35

Battle for the liners' shopping lists

by KEITH ELLIS

A ship's chandler must first beat his rivals to the captain—then be ready to supply him with anything from an anchor to a cocktail stick

A liner takes on stores. Some orders are so big that it takes three days to write them out

FORTY-SEVEN YEAR OLD Richard Ellerbeck, a balding six-footer with keen blue eyes, a full moustache and a military manner, is outside representative, outside man, water-clerk or runner to the biggest firm of ship's store merchants in Britain. When a ship approaches the Mersey, his job is to beat his rivals to the captain's order for provisions, hardware and bonded goods. "This business is founded on competition," he says. "Sometimes I get the order, sometimes I don't. Each one has to be fought for."

One of the first men to be seen in this country by the captain of a ship returning, say, from the Far East, he is the outward and visible sign of a highly complex organization. A combination of grocer's, ironmonger's and department store on a gigantic scale, his firm will supply anything from a needle to an anchor, refurnish a stateroom or indulge the captain's fancy for a Christmas tree. Except for fresh meat and vegetables, it obliges with anything eatable, drinkable or smokable.

In a single year, the Liverpool branch alone has stored more than 1,100 ships with 65,000 lb. of bacon, 450,000 lb. of sugar, 30,000 lb. of cheese, 40,000 lb. of tea, 56,000 lb. of butter, 93,000 lb. of corned beef and 432,000 tins of milk. For resale to their passengers and crews, captains bought 35,000,000 cigarettes, 20,000 lb. of tobacco and 277,200 half-pint cans of beer.

Ellerbeck's "Spy" System

With orders from a single ship worth anything up to £10,000, Ellerbeck makes sure he knows the exact time and place of every arrival by combing British and foreign shipping lists, pestering shipping agents and keeping in close touch with the port radar station. Today, many ships are stored by long-term contract, but a good number are still "free." It is these which fetch Ellerbeck and the five other outside men of his company to the docks at all hours of the day and night. He himself looks after British, American, Canadian and Panamanian ships, the rest being divided among his polyglot colleagues on a language basis. Until he recently acquired an assistant, he had only six weekends off in twelve months.

"Though there is keen competition between the reps of various companies," says Ellerbeck, "we treat each other like gentlemen nowadays." In the past there were almost free fights between rivals competing for a contract. On one occasion a young representative found that the ship he wanted was lying in the centre of the basin surrounded by other ships. The "opposition" found the only available boat, tipped the boatman half a crown and pushed off. The young man jumped in, too, nearly swamping the boat. At the ship, he found himself roughly pushed back, while his rival swarmed up the rope ladder.

Following him aboard, the youngster felt his heart sink when he saw his rival climb to the bridge. A few seconds later, he was amazed to see the other man coming back. Realizing that the captain must, after all, be in his cabin, he hurried down with a short lead. He arrived first and by long-standing custom was allowed to do his business without further molestation.

Getting there first is so vitally important that Ellerbeck often goes out on a tug owned by one of his many dockland contacts. Sometimes he tries to catch a ship as she passes through the lock, standing on the lock-side where he knows the pilot's ladder will be dropped, and trying to follow him aboard. One representative actually takes an assistant to block the ladder for a precious three minutes while he does his business. By the time the others are able to follow, the order is usually in his pocket.

On his first visit to a new ship, often in the early hours of the morning, Ellerbeck merely obtains a promise that when he returns later he will be granted the ship's contract. Compiled with the help of the chief steward, it has hundreds of items divided into provisions and hardware (or chandlery). The hardware section is sent back to the office for making up, but the provisions have first to be approved for export by the Customs.

A ship's ration is decided by the number of passengers and crew and the length of the voyage. Sailors in port have roughly the same rations as civilians, but at sea they get more. For instance, the bacon ration is eight ounces per man per week, butter ten and a half ounces, margarine four ounces and meat four pounds eleven ounces—one pound of tinned being equal to two of fresh.

Groceries By The Ton

Besides a sizeable block of offices, Ellerbeck's firm has five warehouses in which goods are stored. The provision manager sends out up to thirty tons of goods a day to an average of twelve ships. His shelves are packed with cereals, sage, sauces, biscuits, baked beans, jam, jelly powders, cherry-sticks, cigarette-papers, drinking-straws, black pepper, cloves, pimentos, cocktail onions, plum puddings, Easter eggs, vermicelli and most of the other things found in a good grocer's shop. Every size and grade available is stocked. He prides himself on knowing from memory the size and brand required by every ship previously stored.

Certain goods such as flour, jams, tinned meats and cereals must be inspected and sealed by the Board of Trade before they can be taken on board ship, the seals being valid for various

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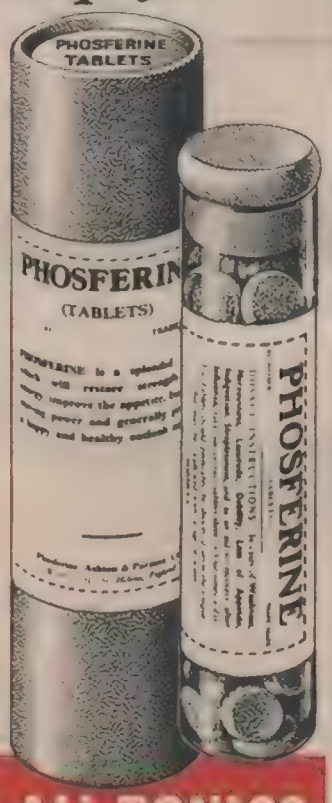

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periods. Butter lasts six weeks, salt fish two months and jam six months without further inspection. Salmon, beans, peas and a few other commodities can be sealed if the merchant wishes.

The hardware department stocks an even greater variety of goods. Pots and pans, nuts and bolts, brushes, brooms, rat-traps, handcuffs, Christmas trees, candles, telegraph wire, soda siphons, metal polish, toothpaste, sand, cement, canvas, cuspidors, napkins and cheese wire stack the shelves of the cave-like chandlery. Sails are made by a sailmaker, and out-of-the-way tinware in the tinsmith's shop.

Pleasing The Captain

In the ship's store business, small personal services to skippers count just as much as the efficient delivery of large orders, and it is Ellerbeck and the other outside men who must perform these.

Ellerbeck always takes a newspaper to his captains (often the first they have seen in weeks), offers to run them to their agents in his car and, perhaps, arranges for their wives to be at the docks when they come in. Like every chandler in the world, Ellerbeck's firm has a captain's parlour where captains can drink and smoke at the chandler's expense.

Once Ellerbeck met an old friend returning from a long foreign voyage when his ship arrived in the lock soon after nine o'clock at night. "There's time for a drink before they close," the captain said. "What about it?"

"All right," replied Ellerbeck, "but you *must* be back on board when it's time to pass into the dock."

They were happily chatting in a dockland pub when the pilot joined them. Rising a few minutes later he said: "Quarter of an hour to go, Captain." Ellerbeck was disconcerted when his friend suddenly announced that he was going to ring his wife. "You haven't time," he argued.

Five minutes, ten minutes passed. Ellerbeck tapped on the glass of the booth. The captain waved him away. Two minutes later, he hammered on the box. Still the captain did not move. Ellerbeck opened the door. "If you're not on your ship when she passes through the lock, you may lose your ticket." Reluctantly, the captain hung up.

When they arrived at the lock, the gates were open and the ship was moving through. "Lower the bridge," Ellerbeck shouted to the lock-keeper. At the other side of the lock, they found the ship well away from the side.

Leading the captain back again, Ellerbeck pushed him into a rowing boat. In less than a minute they were alongside. "For God's sake, lower a ladder," roared Ellerbeck to the mate. The captain scrambled aboard in the nick of time. Thanks to Ellerbeck, his ticket was safe.

Laid Plans Carefully

Ellerbeck's proudest moment was when he won back a valuable contract from a dissatisfied skipper. On his last visit but one, Ellerbeck's firm had stored him, but a misunderstanding had sent him to a rival firm next time. Ellerbeck laid his plans carefully.

From his dockland friends, he learned that the skipper was passionately fond of his wife. Also that the ship would dock at three in the morning. The day before she was due, Ellerbeck asked if he could take the ship's mail. He sorted the captain's to the top and went early to bed.

At three o'clock next morning, he was at the captain's door. "Agents' compliments, sir, and here's your mail."

For the next ten minutes, Richard Ellerbeck sat silent while the captain read his wife's letters. Then the captain looked up. "I wonder if you would do my firm the honour of allowing us to attend to your wants, sir," said Ellerbeck.

The captain reflected. "Well," he said at last, "I had a little trouble with your firm last time, but I'm willing to try them again."

As part of its service, Ellerbeck's firm delivers all orders free of charge, even to Stanlow oil port, twenty-five miles away. This means a cash loss on small orders, but the goodwill makes it worth while.

The firm's biggest orders of all come from the whale factory ships that are away for six months and themselves supply a fleet of satellite whalers. Normally it takes three days to write the orders down, and a further three days to deliver. A tanker, however, may be in port for only thirty-six hours, of which about twenty-four are available for storing.

Besides ships, Ellerbeck's firm has supplied locally organized Himalayan expeditions and, in its early days, sent food to besieged Ladysmith. In 1937, it dispatched large quantities of caviare and *pâté de foie gras* to Barbara Hutton's full-rigged yacht, *Hussar*, which had alabaster baths with gold taps, a crew of ninety-three and cost £5,000 a week to run. Recently, Customs officers, living on board a ship impounded for smuggling, ordered two gallons of paraffin at the expense of the owners to keep themselves warm.

Besides the run-of-the-mill goods that every ship buys, Ellerbeck's firm supplies some ships with special goods. To prevent sparks on oil-tankers, rubber torches, aluminium shovels and brass flue-brushes are provided for cleaning out the tanks. Steel sprigs in boots are replaced by brass or wooden pegs.

Sent Suet For Salt

Indian crews require foods like ghee (a cooking-fat formerly made of buttermilk but now of vegetable extracts), dhal (split peas), cummin seed, bay leaves, coriander seed, whole black pepper, tamarinds (a sort of jam also used for cleaning brasses) and mustard oil (which they rub on themselves to keep warm). All meat has to be ceremonially killed so that the eater will not lose caste.

With such complex orders, it is not surprising that chandlers occasionally make mistakes. Transcribing an order for a foreign crew, a clerk in one firm wrote "suet" for "salt." On board, an Indian seaman approached the chief steward with a sample and muttered, "Very poor ghee." Seeing what had happened, the steward had the presence of mind to agree. If the Indian had found that he had been eating forbidden fat, he might have committed suicide. Fortunately there was time to change the whole shipment.

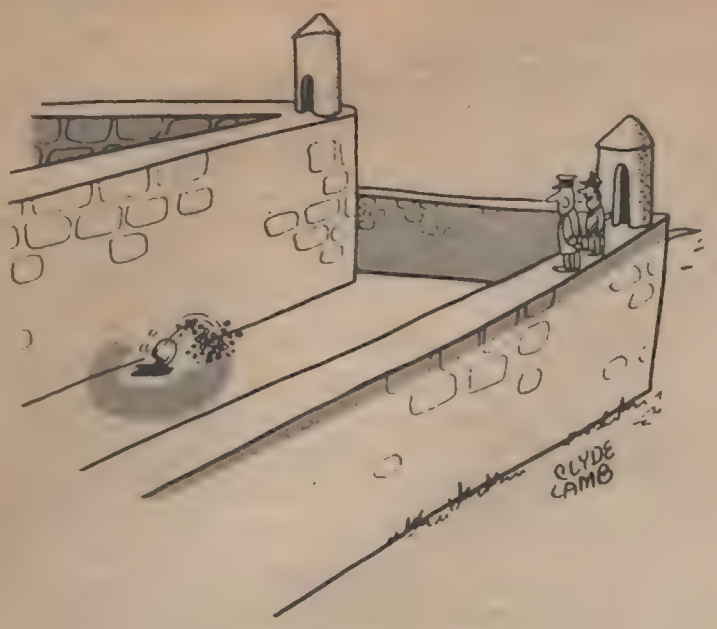
A warehouseman was once puzzled by the item "Anthony's Crow" in an order from a troopship. Finding that no one on the premises had ever heard of such a thing, he went down to the ship. "Oh!" said the captain. "I was thinking of a Jim Crow" (a rail-straightener).

The same captain asked for a "gin-block with spectacles." Everyone knew that a gin-block was a kind of pulley-block used in a hoist. The "spectacles" turned out to be a gadget of the captain's own invention to steady the rope on either side of the block. It was shaped like a pair of spectacles and had to be specially made.

Wrong Port Glasses

One beginner was asked if he would mind taking half a dozen port glasses to a certain ship. Glad of such an easy job, he readily agreed. When he tried to lift the small parcel, however, he found he could hardly move it. The "glasses" were circular panes of glass for portholes, about a quarter of an inch thick. Another beginner thought a "dog-basket" was a canine comfort. Actually it is a wickerwork basket, lined with steel, in which bread is kept.

The most amusing mistake of all, however, was made during the war when a skipper bound for an Icelandic port asked for an Icelandic flag so that he could fulfil the usual courtesy of flying it on arrival. The flag was ordered from the flagmakers and sent to the ship. Unfortunately neither the chandler nor the captain had the faintest idea what an Icelandic flag looked like. When he hoisted it in Reykjavik, the captain found to his dismay it was that of a small South American republic. THE END



"It seems a shame, doesn't it?"

FIRST MATE

Continued from page 8

other man's voice, and he asked quickly: "What are you thinking?"

Garrison breathed heavily and was silent.

Impatience seized Crosset. He sensed that Garrison was using the delay to lure him in towards something. He said: "All right, whatever it is, I guess I can take it."

"I hope you can," Garrison told him. "I have a plan laid out, but it doesn't include you."

Crosset tried to rub the sun out of his eyes. He felt a buzzing in his brain.

"It's this way," Garrison said. "You're not much of a swimmer."

Crosset saw Frances backing to the edge of the raft and slowly lowering herself to the seat afforded by the bulge of inflated rubber. She stared at Garrison and waited.

Garrison smiled at her and said, "I don't want to tell you what to do. I want you to make up your own mind."

Without looking back at the island, she swept her arm in that direction. "How far is it?"

"Six or seven miles."

Crosset withdrew to the other end of the raft.

He heard Frances saying: "It's a long swim. I've never tried it that far."

"You're a good swimmer," Garrison said. "I saw you swimming when the yacht went down, and that was rough water." He gestured towards the ocean. "Look how calm it is now."

Frances leaned over the edge and dipped her fingers into the water. She gave a little laugh with a tinge of hysteria in it. "Nice and warm. But it's too warm to drink. And I guess the salt wouldn't taste good."

"There's plenty of fresh water on the island," Garrison said. "And we won't have trouble finding people." He pointed towards the mound of land. "I'm willing to bet that's Mauritius."

Crosset tried to swallow dryness far back in his throat and couldn't get it down. He opened his mouth to say something and decided to check it. He was waiting for her to look at him, but her eyes were on Garrison. Crosset could stand it no longer. He said, "No. I tell you no. It's too far, Frances. You're a good swimmer, but you can't swim that far."

She didn't look at him. She seemed to be speaking aloud to herself. "I think I can make it. If I get tired, I'll float."

"No," Crosset said. Then he turned and spoke louder, at Garrison. "Why do you need her? Why don't you swim it alone? When you get there, you tell the people and they'll send help."

Garrison shook his head. "It isn't that simple. If I go alone, there's no guarantee I'd make it." He paused for a long moment. "When it's a long swim, it's much better with two. If one gets in trouble, the other can help."

Frances nodded quickly. "Of course."

Crosset smiled. He looked past them and saw the island. He said, "Really?"

"Oh, stop being stupid," Frances snapped at him. "Can't you see the way it is? We're just trying to figure out a way to stay alive."

"I wonder," Crosset said. He was looking at Garrison. "I wonder if that's the only issue." His face was expressionless, but his eyes jabbed into Garrison. "You want me out of it, don't you?"

Garrison frowned. "Look now, if you're going to talk like a sick man——"

"Not sick," Crosset said. "Wide awake. I can see now you're a smart operator. A quick thinker. I imagine you play wonderful poker."

Frances moved towards Crosset and said, "Please don't."

Crosset ignored her. His eyes did not leave Garrison's face. "She's going with you because she wants you. I'm not condemning her for that. It was a bargain I made with her a long time ago, long before you walked in. If I thought you really cared for her, I wouldn't make this fuss."

"You'd better not make it," Garrison told him. "You'd better stop. Right now."

"No," Crosset said. "I want her to know. I want her to understand that you don't give a damn for her. You're thinking of the prize. A rich widow——"

"Stop it," Garrison warned.

"A rich widow with looks," Crosset said. "The money, the face, and the body. And you're gambling to get it. You're gambling with her life."

GARRISON'S eyes were narrow, and his lips stretched so that there were deep lines from the corners of his lips to his rigid jaw. The tenseness increased until it seemed his skin would crack. Then he was coiled, ready to lunge. Frances moved in quickly and grabbed his arm. He relaxed suddenly and looked at her expectantly.

She said, "I'm going with you, Bill."

Crosset sat there and watched them as they stood motionless, just looking at each other. He felt that he was being hit with a hammer blow he couldn't take, and the agony caused him to clench his hands till his fingers ached. They moved towards the side of the raft, preparing to leave the raft, to leave him alone. It was a dirty business, it was rotten. For an instant he forgot he was the victim and felt more like a witness. He was looking at the worst treachery. In the next instant he scolded himself bitterly for behaving badly.

"Well, anyway," he said to Frances, "goodbye and good luck."

Frances didn't look at him. She didn't seem to hear him. She dived off

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the edge of the raft, and Garrison followed. Crosset buried his head in his hands and heard the splashing as they swam away.

There was no sense in waiting. It was almost masochistic; certainly not intelligent. He ought to try to be intelligent and understand. Especially about Frances.

He had allowed their marriage to start on a meaningless foundation. It was certainly not her fault. She had been at the time battered and dazed and didn't care what happened any more. And so, of course, that wasn't the time to marry her. That was the time for kindness.

Damn it, he should have waited. But he had had to rush the thing, and when he talked to her and she listened, he thought it was *rapport*. A dreadful mistake. When she finally said yes, she was like a customer weary of argument and giving in to the sales talk.

So there it was, a business arrangement. When it starts like that, there's no changing it, unless some kind of a dynamiting occurs. There had been a dynamiting all right—the blasting moment he'd heard her say she would go with Garrison.

That Garrison. He was a clever man. A miserable dog, but clever. He ought to forget Garrison and just think about her. But why must he think about her? Wasn't there anything else?

No. There was nothing else. She was everything. The living wonder of her had made all else a vague composition in the background. . . .

Crosset turned over on his side. He looked out at the purpling sky and at the big, burning ball sinking slowly behind the horizon.

FRANCES and Garrison rested many times, treading water and floating, and when she said she was all right they would swim on until she was tired again. At this moment they were treading water, and it was starting to get cold. The sun had gone down and only a little light remained in the sky.

The island was slightly more than two miles away. In the quickening dusk it was a shapeless hulk of grey-purple, blotched with green here and there. It looked like something heavy and dead floating on the water.

"How do you feel?" Garrison asked.

"I'm all right. I think I'm all right," she answered. She was going to say something else, but swallowed some water. She began coughing. Her face contorted as she choked on the water as it scorched her throat. Her arms went up, clutching at the air, and her head went under the surface. Garrison lashed his way towards her, grabbed her and held her securely. Presently she told him she was all right and he could let go.

He let go and suggested they float for a while. She nodded, and they rolled on to their backs. Then Garrison asked if she was ready to resume swimming, and she said yes.

Later she got tired again, and once more they trod water. She was breathing with her mouth wide open.

"Speak to me, Martha! . . . All right, that's *enough*!"

Garrison came in close. Despite the darkness, some light was reflected from the water, and he saw the sheen of her hair and the luminous green of her eyes.

He grinned at her. "You're doing fine."

"Am I?"" She managed to smile. "You mean, I was."

"Don't say that. I don't want you to talk like that."

She closed her eyes and gulped hard on the salty pain in her throat. "He was right, wasn't he?"

Garrison said, "Don't talk about him."

"He claimed I couldn't swim this distance, and he was right."

"Listen," Garrison said, "forget him. Just forget him." He came bobbing in and touched his hand to her shoulder. "You're with me now."

She was silent a moment, and then she said, "Yes, I know. Let's swim."

They swam slowly, Garrison letting up on his stroke so she could keep up with him. This time they negotiated the wide current that skirted the island and came into the rolling tide, heading inland.

They could feel the big rollers taking them in. But all at once she was very tired, and she gasped loudly. Garrison saw her going down.

He lunged in and took hold of her. His face twitched with anxiety and the effort of keeping both of them above the surface.

She gasped, "Bill, I'm finished."

"Now, listen——"

"Please." She shook her head quickly. "Don't give me a pep talk. I know I'm finished, and this is silly. If you don't let go you'll only weaken yourself."

"Oh, come on," he said. "Come on. I'm telling you you'll be all right. We're going there together. We're going to Mauritius."

"When you get there——"

"I said *we*."

"When you get there, tell them to look for the raft."

The effect was immediate. She saw something happening on his face, and then he pulled away from her. She realized, for the first time, that he had never meant to summon help for her husband. He was to be left to die.

It was so clear now. Everything was so blazingly evident. But Crosset had not been thinking of himself when he had asked her to remain on the raft. It had been for her sake, just for her sake. Thinking of that, she was given the strength to stay afloat.

A rise of water came in and lifted her on its crest, taking her away from Garrison. The water carried her down its rolling slope, and above her it was a wall and above that there was the purple darkness of the sky. Then Garrison appeared over the top of the roller and came swimming towards her.

SOMETHING in his approach caused her to be suddenly afraid. As he moved nearer, his face was white against the black of the water and she saw his glinting eyes, his twisted mouth, and realized he was maddened by the knowledge he had lost his gamble. He swam close to her, and it was apparent he intended to push her under the water.

She tried feebly to swim away. But he came in fast and grabbed her. She saw his clenched teeth and heard the whistling of his breath.

They were hit by another roller, and his hands slipped from her shoulders. The distance between them widened. There were more rollers and all she saw was the dark water shining in the heavy fall of night. When she heard the sound it seemed to come from very far away. He was coughing and screaming to her wildly. He was shrieking that he had cramp, and he was begging her to come and help him.

She looked, but she couldn't see him. The shrieking ended, and there was only the crashing, battering booming of the waves. She discerned, against the blackness, the swirling white ribbons of foam, the breakers. Above that, beyond it, were lights.

She was looking at lighted windows in houses on the island of Mauritius.

She wondered if she had the strength to go on and get through the breakers. The shore looked very far away, and she told herself it was too far away. She thought of Crosset, and her gasping lungs were torn with a sob.

IN the morning, the ocean was grey under a grey sky. The water was choppy, and it hacked at the sides of the raft. Crosset, feeling the chill and dampness of the air, looked up and tried to decide whether it would rain. The rubber sheeting was wrapped tightly around him, as he sat near the edge of the raft with the cork handle of the fishing pole in his shivering hands, and the line limp in the water.

He was beyond the grinding pain of severe thirst, and now there was no pain at all. He wondered if he had strength to pull himself over the edge of the raft and end this ridiculous waiting.

Perhaps they had been granted some amazing luck and had actually made it to the island. He hoped they had made it, hoped he had been wrong about Garrison and that she would be happy with him. He forced himself to believe she had made it to the island. It was a pleasant feeling to have at the end.

This, he decided, was the very end, and he let go of the fishing pole. He began to climb over the side. The water looked soft and comfortable and surely, in his present condition, it wouldn't take long for him to die.

He was climbing over the side, working to brace his legs to get leverage to throw himself over. His fingers slipped on the wet rubber, his legs gave way, and he fell back into the raft.

He had no more strength, and he was lying there, on his back, when he sensed the shadow passing over him. He had no idea what it was, and he didn't care. But then he heard the sound of engines, and he looked up and saw the plane. As it came nearer, circling towards the water, he saw it was a Royal Navy patrol plane.

He saw it landing on the water and taxi-ing towards him He tried to sit up and wave, and suddenly everything was mist. They were carrying him into the plane. He could hear their voices, but the mist was very thick and he couldn't open his eyes.

And then he was aware of a hand touching his brow. A cool, gentle touch. The other voices were gone, and there was only the one voice. His heart heard the words he had always yearned to hear from her lips. He surged through the wall of mist and opened his eyes.

THE END

TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION

Continued from page 17

incline, whiteness was upon them. It stuck to the windscreen despite the wiper. It fell thickly and silently. The narrow road blanched plumply before their eyes. And though the car crept, every few yards it gave a soapy slither. The snow was freezing on the road. To their left the road dropped away severely into the deep gully of Irehause Ghyll.

Another uncontrolled slither took them close to the edge.

It was enough for Edwards. He stopped the car sideways across the gradient.

With unwitting crudity he said: "No sense in us all getting our necks snapped."

Denton considered the narrowing, whirling white world. It was futile to expect the snow to give over. It was getting late, and dark.

He said to Laker: "Where's the nearest 'phone in the dale?"

"At the Fox. A mile and a half along the road, two and a half from here. Sorry I've got you into this——"

"All right. We'll have to walk. We'll phone there for another car. This one will have to be brought down later."

They got out, and the snow was even heavier, thickening on their backs as they plodded downhill. Laker led the way, with Denton and Edwards at his side and the fourth man, Barnard, following watchfully behind.

The shrill yelp of a dog broke suddenly. It was followed by a shout: "E-Fleet! the-ere!" There was movement on the fell itself, dim at first, hardening into a string of dun, woolly bodies with whitened spines. The string was accompanied by two men and three patrolling dogs. They were descending diagonally towards the road. As they came closer, Laker recognized one of the men. It was old John Todd, of Bankend.

TODD peered at the group, and at last at the lanky figure of Laker. "By gocks!" he said, and his tone held pity and amazement.

"Hullo, John. Surprised, eh? They were bringing me back from my appeal, and they were decent enough to let me have a last look at Iredale."

John Todd made a husky sound. Laker said: "As you've probably heard, the appeal was turned down." He shrugged and added: "Our car's stuck up there. Road's too slippery. We're walking down to the Fox." He gave a brittle laugh. "They daren't risk an accident to me. I've got to be handed over in good condition."

Todd sought for something to say. "Snow's very bad," he mumbled.

"Bringing the ewes down for breeding?"

"Ay." He addressed the group generally. "'Twill be worse before 'tis better. You'd best come in for a sup o' tea."

"His farm's just down there," Laker said, "at the base of the fell."

Denton wiped snow from his face, and gave decision in his usual toneless fashion. "Half an hour will make no odds now. All right."

They trudged down behind the bobbing figures to the farm.

Todd led them through a doorway into the kitchen, and lit an oil-lamp. The room was warmed by the big stove along one wall. Above it an ancient wooden gun-rack showed darkly. The snow from their feet thawed out on the stone flags.

Todd said to Laker: "Wife's down at Lancaster for the day. Ay." In a rough, casual, yet efficient fashion he was taking crockery from the cupboard and spreading it on the table. Knives and forks followed. He thrust a frying-pan on the stove, reached down a ham from a crook in the ceiling, and hacked thick slices. He took eggs from a bucket and broke them into the pan.

After he had mashed the tea in a brown pot, they sat down to the meal. Outside, the snow was plastering the window.

Laker said: "How was hay this year?"

"Middlin'. I've put down a gey lot o' lime on Tup Close this back-end. Come a mild, wet spring, and there should be heavy growth. I'd like you to see it when——" He bit off his words, then raised his thin, leathery face to the other three and said in a stony fashion: "So you're the police."

"Yes," said Denton.

"Mister Laker never killed his cousin. Nay." Todd said it with a growling finality.

Laker smiled. "They're only doing their job. They didn't sentence me."

Todd put down his knife and fork. "If I could lay hands on judge, I'd

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choke the old fool!" Rage and pity were in his eyes. "You wouldn't harm anybody, Mr. Laker. I know that. You're young, an' life. . . ." His voice tailed away. His hands were clenching.

Laker was going to say: "I expect you read every word of the case." He checked himself in time, recalling that Todd, a grand fell-farmer, could not read. But he would have heard every detail from the dalesfolk. There came over Laker a sudden and overwhelming desire to talk about things. For weeks now he had kept a bitter hold on himself. The sanity and warmth of the kitchen, the food, the presence of a real friend unlocked his almost cynical control.

He said: "You know, John, I'm still wondering if it's a nasty dream. Innocent men don't get hanged in this country, do they? And yet most people fully believe that on June 16 I——" He boggled at going on, and to help him out Todd said with a sort of groping heartiness:

"On that very day I was down at Lancaster for my grandson's christening. We'd just finished clipping an' smitting, and I was free to go."

Laker nodded. "As you'll have heard, John, Paul and I were staying in Rowandale. We went up Scafell. We parted by the summit cairn, because I was going to take a good many photos, and Paul had planned a longish round for himself—Scafell Pike, Bowfell and so on. That's the last time I saw him. I swear it."

"Ay," said Todd encouragingly, and glared at the three police.

"I don't disbelieve the evidence of those two hikers, Caswell and Page. There was no reason why they should lie. There they were, by Hollowstones, and they saw Paul standing at the top of Deep Ghyll. At least, he might have been sitting, because a curve of the rock hid him from the waist downwards. And then they saw him turn suddenly, as if in alarm, and then he was literally flung over the edge. I don't disbelieve their evidence. They saw him thrown over. But I didn't do it."

"Of course you didn't," said Todd.

Laker drew a long, shaky breath. "But if I didn't, who did? That's how the Crown argued. There was nobody else up there at the time. At least, I didn't see anybody. I couldn't have been more than a few hundred yards away when it happened, but I knew nothing. I was pottering about on the south side of the summit—you know what it's like."

"Oo, ay," said Todd.

LAKER went on talking. His voice was restrained, sardonic, almost flippant. But it deceived nobody. Here was a young man in an agony of dread trying to be brave. Todd's heart went out to him.

"The law's a wonderful thing, John. It's fair and just in its own way. It takes pains. You ought to have heard the medical evidence. It went into every detail, including measurements of the bloodstains on the rocks below. The doctor even analysed some red stains on the knees of Paul's drill trousers. Those, he said, proved not to be blood, but an iron ore compound, hematite. He pointed out that there was a lot of hematite present among the fells. Paul had probably picked it up while he was scrambling. Matter of fact, Paul had only just had his trousers dry-cleaned, and as far as I knew he hadn't been on his knees that morning. Not that it signifies anything, except that with all its justice and fairness and careful detail the law can——"

Denton said dispassionately: "Time we were going."

If Todd could have crystallized his pity into words, he would have prayed: "Oh God, let time stand still." In a muddled way it came to him that every minute spent in this kitchen was a minute's grace for young Laker, a minute stolen from the dark journey back to the condemned cell.

He said: "I'll run you down to the Fox in the tractor. Them tyres can master snow. But I need a smoke first."

Denton hesitated. "All right."

Edwards offered a packet of cigarettes. Laker took one, accepted a light, and sucked at it with quick, nervous draws. Todd stuffed his pipe slowly.

Laker said with a twisted smile: "The most convincing item of all was the motive. Must have a motive. Oh, yes, and the stronger the better. They did themselves proud, John, over that. You see, my mother's brother—Paul's father—left a packet. He made it out of building. He left the trust income on eighty thousand to Paul for life. If Paul predeceased me, I was to get half, and the other half to go to Paul's two youngsters."

Todd nodded without speaking.

"The prosecution made great capital out of that. There was I, an insurance clerk, earning four-fifty. What a temptation! With forty thousand I could buy a grand house, a grand car, live on the fat of the land, wallow in comfort." Again that smile twisted his lips.

THERE was silence again, until Laker, who did not want silence now, said: "Where's Eb Wilson, your old hired man. Isn't he still with you?"

"Nay," said Todd, and added as an afterthought: "Nay, you wouldn't have heard. You wouldn't have heard. He'd been middlin' poorly a long time. He wouldn't go to the doctor. Didn't hold with 'em, didn't Eb. One evenin' last June he was took bad." His eyes widened a shade, and there was apology in them. "It was the very day that—the day I was down at Lancaster christening. When I got back, I had to send for ambulance for Eb."

"What was the matter with him?"

"They couldn't make out for long enough. Then they found it. Tumour on the brain—a sheep tumour."

Edwards's curiosity overcame his official silence. He said: "What! can a man get a tumour from a sheep?"

"Oo, ay, sometimes. Sheep gets tumour on brain, and you've got to cut through bone an' pull it out with a goose feather."

"But if the sheep dies on the fells from a tumour," explained Laker, "and the dogs get up there and eat it, the germs or whatever you call them of the tumour can be passed on to the men who handle the dogs. They had a bad spell of it on some of the Australian sheep stations years ago."

Edwards wrinkled his thin nose. Laker turned back to Todd.

"Poor old Eb. Did they manage to remove it?"

"Oo, ay. But he was bad for a long while, stupid-like. He's still in Whitehaven hospital an' only middlin'. But they say he can walk an' talk a bit now, an' act more natural."

Big Denton got up, and nearly cracked his head against the low ceiling. "Thank you for your hospitality," he said to Todd. "Now we must go."

Todd rose. He seemed suddenly very old and grey. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the working of Laker's throat. He guessed what the young man was thinking, that this was his last glimpse of everyday life and kindly companionship. Looking tired and sick, the old man picked up a lamp and led the way out of the kitchen, into the stack-yard. The whiteness crunched under their feet, but the snowstorm

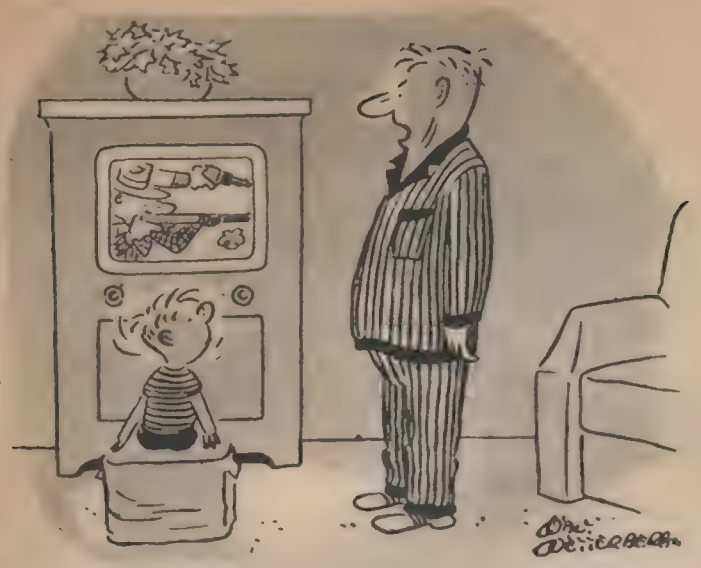
THE HUMAN MACHINE

Time's prisoners

I DON'T believe that Time is ever on anybody's side. Time is something we have to learn to respect or we turn it into an implacable enemy.

People who can never catch a train, never keep an appointment, are Time's servile prisoners. Their wills are weak and untrained. For it is as easy to be on time as to be late. It is as much a habit one way as the other.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"I've been asked to make the following announcement . . ."

itself was over. Denton's hand was on Laker's arm, and the other two kept close behind.

Laker said: "I suppose I've got about a week before—I'll spend it trying not to think of anything but your farm, John, and that homely kitchen, and the fells around, and the grand times I've——"

"Nay, stop," said Todd, in a smothered voice.

A SUDDEN clattering and thudding started up in a barn to their left. It was a menacing, wild-beast growling, so ugly and unexpected that it startled Barnard into speech.

"What the devil's that?"

"'Tis a tup," said Todd.

"A what?"

"A tup—a ram. Fairly wicked, he is. I daren't let him loose in fields, or he'd be away." He crossed to the barn door, which was in two sections, opened the upper part, and held the lamp aloft. Inside careered a powerful Herdwick ram, broad of chest and withers, weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds. Its greenish-amber eyes glinted savagely in the lamplight. Head down, massive, curving horns lowered, it was charging the stone wall of the barn. Such was the venom of its growling, even Denton raised surprised brows.

Laker glanced at the sharp and broken links of an old chain harrow hanging over the door.

"That's to stop him from battering the door down, eh?"

"Ay. He's a bad 'un, but a good breeder. Bought him back-end before last. Next week he'll be let loose among fifty ewes, and he'll have summat else to do than butt at walls."

To the old man it was a relief from tension to talk about sheep. He explained how the tups were confined to the dale fields in the autumn, and chained together in pairs to prevent them from leaping the stone walls and charging up the fells in a frantic mating urge before the proper date.

"Lambing time here is mid-April," said Laker, glad of the chance to steady himself with an unemotional topic. "If they were born earlier, they'd be too vulnerable to icy weather and hungry foxes."

"'Tis no use chaining this tup," said Todd. "He's such a wicked brute, he'd kill the other. And if ah lets him loose in fields, by gocks! there's no holding him, any time o' year. He's away up the fells to the tops. Fair crazy he is to be on highest spots." He gave another laugh. "Reckon there must be a strain o' goat in him."

Edwards pointed. "Look. He's cut his head with all that butting."

Todd laughed. "Nay, 'tis smit—the dye we use for the flockmark."

As they turned away from the barn, Edwards said: "Well, live and learn. I never knew sheep could be so savage."

Todd grunted. "That one, he would knock you down as soon as look at you. Ay. He caught Eb off guard once, an' fairly flung him like sack."

He shut the upper door of the barn. But Denton, instead of moving off, remained quite still. His aloof manner had given place to an urgent alertness. He looked at Todd, and for the first time the old man realized to the full the stabbing probe of those eyes.

"That ram would attack anybody anywhere?"

"Ay."

"This smit you've been talking about—what's it made of?"

"Some buys it," said the puzzled Todd. "But I make mine myself from the iron ore of the fells. A fine red it is."

Denton asked one more question, a quiet question, and yet the implication of it was so tremendous, it sent a dizzy gush through Laker, a fountain of hope that set him trembling.

"Where was this ram on June 16?"

The old man, too, realized the significance. Words poured out of him.

"I don't know. I tell you I was down at Lancaster christening. We'd just finished clippin' an' smittin', and I was free to go. But Eb was here. He'd know. You can telephone hospital from the Fox."

Denton said, half to himself: "New red dye. And the marks were on the knees of the trousers. That's about the height." His voice rose sharply. "Get your tractor, man, quick!"

FIFTEEN minutes later, Laker was standing rigidly between Barnard and Edwards, with old Todd to the left. The four men seemed to be holding their breath as Denton dialled on the private phone of the Fox.

"Hallo. This is Detective-Inspector Denton. Can you possibly get Mr. Eb Wilson to the phone? It's urgent. . . . I know, I know, but it's urgent, I tell you!" After a wait, he said: "That Mr. Eb Wilson? Right. Now please think hard. Can you tell me where you were on June 16? . . . At Bankend Farm, Iredale? Yes. . . . Taken to Whitehaven hospital in the evening? . . . Now, I want you to search your memory. Did you spend the whole morning and afternoon at Bankend? . . . Had to go up the fells after a stray tup? . . . Yes, I've heard about this tup, a savage brute. . . . Where did you find it? . . . Near the summit of Scafell? Thank you. I'll be coming along to see you later."

Denton put down the instrument. He saw that Laker was white and swaying, his eyes dark, his mouth quivering.

"Here, you two, get him a drink. I think we could all do with one." Denton's large face was smiling and human. "We'll drink a toast to your fells, Laker. It's pretty certain you'll be spending more holidays among them."

Old Todd, who was a decent if not a religious man, relieved his emotion by thumping on the bar counter. "Now praise be to God!" he cried. THE END

"Shh! Stop Tommy! I think Mummy's coming up with our Oxo"

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JACK TRAIN *Jamaica Spruce* ⅔ Jamaica Rum, ⅓ Italian Vermouth, dash lime juice, dash angostura bitters.

ANONA WINN *Jamaica Pineapple* Three-eighths Jamaica Rum, five-eighths Pineapple Juice, ice if you can get it. Top up with soda water.

GILBERT HARDING *Jamaica Lime* One measure of Jamaica Rum and one measure of lime juice cordial in a tall glass. Top up with soda; clink in a cube of ice and drink through a straw.

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ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 10

wounded into the mud; the next two wagons picked them up. Rofe ran past two horses lying dead, with their bellies ripped, and then the pines opened into a small gully where a troop of about a hundred Cossacks sat quietly on their horses under the wet trees.

On one of the horses Rofe recognized a tall officer in an astrakhan coat who had come into the divisional mess days ago. He ran across and asked if he had seen Hillebrand. The officer, who could apparently just understand German, shook his head, and as Rofe turned to follow the wagons the officer grabbed his shoulder.

The officer shouted something in Russian and one of the Cossacks walked his horse towards them, leading a brown mare. The officer grinned gaily at Rofe and jerked his thumb towards the mare. He said in rough German: *"Sie kommen mit uns."*

Rofe tried to get his foot into the stirrup and a burly Cossack leaned over, grabbed his belt and hoisted him into the saddle. He grinned back at the Cossacks around him, trying to remember how long it was since he had last sat on a horse. They waited while the wagons went crashing past the gully. After the last one had gone the officer stood up in his stirrups, raised his fist and waved it forward, and the troop moved off in single file through the trees.

They were heading a different way from the wagons and Rofe realized with a flutter round his heart that they were moving towards the fringe of the forest. The wet trees pressed all round and no one spoke. The mare seemed to sense the tension and started to whinny.

Lined Up To Charge

They were moving downhill, the horses slithering on the slimy earth. Bodies of men and dead horses lay scattered among the trees and the mare shied nervously. The trees were thinning and the Cossacks started to fan out on each side. Rofe saw the officer ahead with his fist raised, motionless; he veered to one side, reined in alongside the others and saw that they were lining up on the edge of the wood.

Now the mist was gone and two miles across the sunlit meadows he saw clearly the trees where the Red Army was—and liberty. Over the flat fields there was no shred of cover. The horses were flank to flank, bobbing their heads nervously so that the harness jingled, and he had the weird feeling that he was in a Hollywood film that had suddenly become real.

Over to the left the tall officer had drawn his sabre; he was waving it round his head so that the blade glinted in the sun, and then with a wild yell he slashed it forward and spurred his horse. Wild shouts broke from the line and the horses surged forward, plunged out of the trees in a ragged line and galloped down the slope.

They rode like demons, yelling, spreading out in a long line. Rofe sensed the brutal strength of the mare's shoulders flexing under him, and became conscious of his own yells in the wild chorus that mingled with the drumming of the hooves. Exhilaration swept him. A horse went down a few yards to one side and he saw fleetingly the rider rolling over and over.

The Riderless Horse

Somewhere, heavy explosions were thumping and he bent lower in the saddle. Puffs of dirt spurted out of the ground, and a bullet zipped past his ear. The Cossacks were waving their arms and the officer, drawn a little ahead on a beautiful black horse, slashed his sword in a circle over his head. They were pounding over the flat meadows full of fierce joy.

The head of a Cossack in front seemed to split and his hat spun crazily back. A fleeting glimpse. Bullet or shell. The Cossack rolled sideways off the horse and it galloped on riderless.

Two more horses went down and Rofe crazily thought he was part of a film again; they were Red Indians, the Light Brigade, the gallant Six Hundred charging into the cannons and the cameras. Yet the taste of reality was like iron on the tongue: an R.A.F. sergeant in a Cossack cavalry charge. Confusion, but madly, madly exciting.

"They're out!"

Something buzzed sharply by his ear; another horse and rider were down. The mare was blowing hard but still stretched out in the mad gallop. Now only a spasmodic cry sounded and the rest was the thunder of hooves. He heard more bangs and was shocked to see a tank crawling over the grass ahead. Beyond it more tanks were crawling and beside him a Cossack was screaming: *"Nasha! Nasha!"*

The shouting spread along the line and Rofe saw the big red stars on the side of the tanks. They raced straight for them and then they were past the first tank, weaving past the others and running up to the trees.

Joy Of Freedom

He was reining back and the half crazed mare was breaking the gallop reluctantly, pulling iron-mouthed and slowly dropping to a canter while he dragged savagely on the reins. She broke down to a trot as she took him into the trees, and he pulled her up and found he was perspiring and shaking.

The Cossacks were milling around, laughing and shouting at Russian soldiers spread out in the woods. Rofe saw the slit trenches, a big mortar half hidden by branches, knew he was free, and felt warm joy soaking quietly through him.

An hour later he was drinking vodka with the riotously happy Cossacks in a large tent near a headquarters outside a village, and there, a couple of days later, he met Hillebrand, who had come through on the wagons.

Ten weeks later he was still waiting at another village a few miles back, feeling he would go mad soon if something did not happen. The Russians kept saying, *"Nichevo,"* claiming they must wait for orders from Moscow, and one day in December the orders came.

A Russian Dakota flew them to Moscow, they went on by train to Murmansk and sailed aboard an aircraft carrier in a convoy. On Christmas Eve, 1944, Rofe reached London and an intelligence officer, welcoming him with admirable detachment and no interest whatsoever, asked, "Have you come from the other side?"

It sounded for a moment like "The Other Side." Rofe said dryly, "Yes, I feel in a way I have." THE END

Another exciting true adventure from Paul Brickhill's book "Escape—Or Die" will appear in John Bull on November 15

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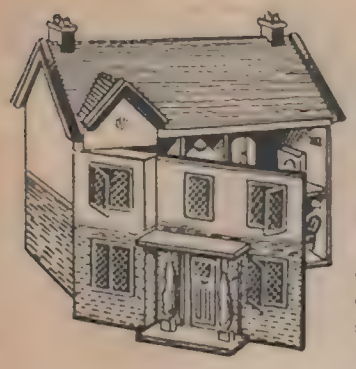

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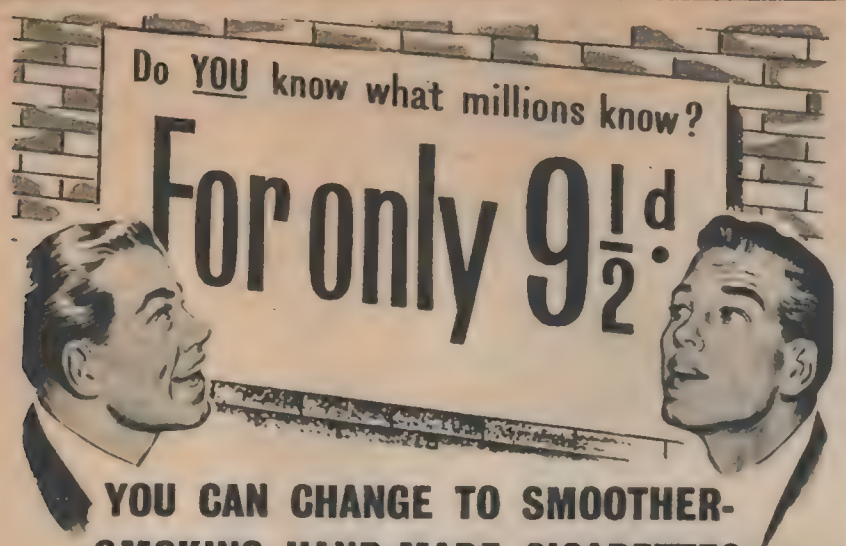

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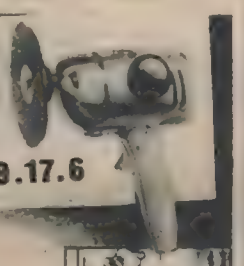

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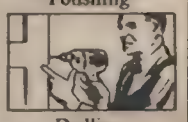

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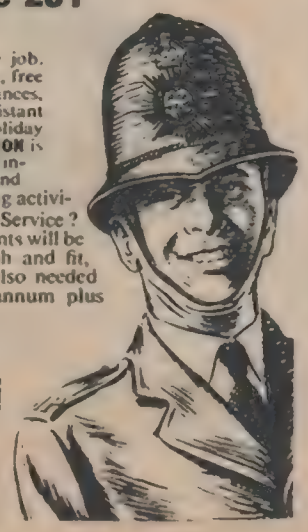

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JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

A RAY OF DARKNESS

Continued from page 16

have if I did not take the drugs. Also that in his opinion there was a decided weakening in their severity. And so I continued with the drugs.

Six weeks later I had another fit. This time I fell down in the sitting-room doorway with the coal bucket in my hand, just as I was going to make up the fire. As with the last one there was that dramatic moment of standstill, as though the very blood had stopped in the veins, with a shock to all the system. A stampede of cattle arrested by a fire might send such a shock through the ground. I remember I could think, for my reaction was to tell myself *in words*: "Get out of this doorway. There isn't room to fall."

I thought I did. I thought I backed out into the passage. The next moment, it seemed, I was walking up the lane in the rolling mist and drizzle, sobbing dementedly like the dispossessed, and a man had his arm round my waist and was looking into my face. It was a young man from the village with whom I had had bitter words over my dog. We had never spoken since.

A look of purest compassion had transformed the face which used always to pass so dourly; and it was with the greatest gentleness that he took me back into the cottage and put me into a chair while he went to fetch Major B——. I suppose he was away about ten minutes; and in that time my strange, unusual and terrible weeping did not cease, for I could hear it. This had never happened before; but it has done since, every time I have an attack.

Grief Was The Cause

I sat there shattered, yet trying to tell myself why I was crying and sobbing with such utter grief. I told myself it was shock. I told myself it was because I had allowed myself once more to hope it was over. But I was certain within myself it was neither. It was grief, the most profound, the most mysterious, but the cause was forgotten—lost in those minutes of obliteration.

The fits were gradually getting closer upon one another, but at this period they came only in cycles of about six to eight weeks. I said to Mrs. B—— the next day that now we should have a bit of peace for a while; but I had another within eight days.

I had been washing again; it was a wet cold day, and the very small cottage was crowded with clothes drying on horses. I took Rosie for our afternoon stroll in the wood and gathered some kindling. Coming in, wet through, I suddenly felt ill and tired, and though I knew I ought to sit down and have a meal it was impossible to find room to do so before clearing the clothes horses away and getting it.

All this I did very slowly and weakly, feeling worse every moment; but at last the fire was blazing behind the guard, Rosie and I were dry, and the tea was on the table. I had just sat down when again the shock came.

I half rose in the chair, in the panic that precedes the fit, that panic which makes one do something, though it is seldom anything useful or wise—and then once more I was sipping hot tea *in the other room* with Mrs. B—— sitting on the other side of the fire. It seemed quite natural and not at all as though anything had happened. Indeed, I saw her smile a little as I said: "Oh Betty, how can I thank you! If you hadn't come in I really think I should have collapsed."

Later she remarked, "Don't you remember me asking you if you could get up? Because you did get up at once and I put your arm over my shoulder and got you in here. You were lying on the floor in the kitchen. And now, dear, I really don't think you should live alone all day any more."

Girl Who Was Not Afraid

I told her Dr. Y—— had said the same thing directly he had heard I had been wandering in the lane; but that it was hard to find anybody, even if we could afford it, and we had thought there was time to search.

We did find someone, and someone who was not afraid, for her mother had been an epileptic, attacked in middle age suddenly, just as I had been. She was such a beautiful young girl, with so excellent an intellect (I *mean* intellect and not intelligence), so courageous, and so wise in all natural life, that she might have been Wordsworth's lost Lucy.

I had no fits all the time she was with me, and she was with me until the day my child was born—her hands helped me into the ambulance, and her hands cleaned the cottage for my husband while I was in the hospital, until we moved.

An unknown benefactor and friend sent me about now a present of money for the child—exactly when it was so badly needed, and after another friend of many years, an editor, had prayed to Saint George to take me and my baby into his keeping. Having no faith, having found no loving God, I could not ask for us myself.

So I asked my friend to ask for me. And he did so. And Saint George protected us, and my child was born safely, after that long, hard winter of blows, snow, ice, and fog, when the sheen of the ice had lain for six weeks on the roads and lanes, like a linen damask forced into pattern by our feet and the tractor wheels—a surface on which few could stand, but on which I had walked every day, carrying my child within me and the arms of a faith I could not find.

NEXT WEEK: What it means to be an epileptic wife and mother

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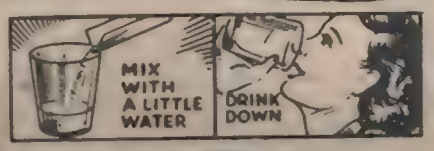

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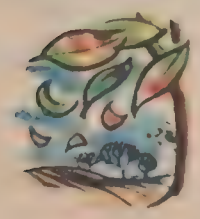

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ENGLISH CANNED SOUPS · VEGETABLES · FRUITS

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 22

wasn't, and she lay sleepless on her cot with her loneliness and her fear.

And in the morning, after breakfast, he drove off in the jeep.

The clouds returned. The rain beat down on the mud of the compound and the leaves of the banyan trees. It drummed, hour after hour, on the shingle of the bungalow's roof and seeped through ceilings and walls into puddles on the teak floors.

Towards evening it pounded down harder than ever, and, passing through the living-room, she found a new puddle—this time not on the floor but on the couch. When, a while later, she pressed the light switch, nothing happened; in the kitchen, the refrigerator was as hot as the stove. The electricity had gone.

When she awoke next morning, her mind felt drugged, her body soaked with moisture. It was like being drowned, she thought, and lying at the bottom of the sea.

During breakfast, Lahana, the cook, burned her hand on the stove and went across to the hospital. Kosti made a lethargic round with mop and pail and disappeared into the rain. Left alone, Lenore pottered about the bedroom and cupboards, shaking and brushing the sodden linen and clothes; but soon she was drenched with sweat, her head spun, and she had to stop.

Going into the bathroom, she wiped the mirror and looked at her reflection. What you need, my girl, she told herself, is five fingers of brandy and a week at a beauty parlour.

Now the rain had slackened to a drizzle. Putting on a dress and raincape, she crossed the compound to the hospital. Anna Vidal was not in evidence, but one of the student nurses was in Windom's office, sorting out a stack of filing cards, and when she saw Lenore she stared as if at an apparition.

"I came to see if I could be of any help," Lenore said.

"Thank you, my lady. But we have few patients now. There is nothing to be done."

As she turned to go, she felt the girl's eyes following her curiously.

Leaving the hospital, she crossed towards the bungalow, and then, on sudden impulse, changed her course and went through the gate and down the village street. It was good to be out of the compound, and she walked quickly, past two side lanes, round a corner and then another corner, and came presently to the bazaar.

The drizzle continued, the mud was thick underfoot, and a hundred nameless stenches filled the air. But here, at least, there were people, life, movement, and for a few moments she was almost happy—until she was recognized and the stares began. They were neither rude nor hostile; merely curious.

She turned quickly into one of the shops; but the merchant behind the counter stared at her, too, and almost instantly a little knot of passers-by was peering in through the doorway.

"May I see some of your materials?"

The merchant looked at her uncomprehendingly, and when at last he answered her, she could not understand him either. She pointed to the bolts of cloth on the shelves, and he brought some down and she examined them. Meanwhile, two women and a half-dozen children had appeared from the back of the shop and stood close beside her, watching. "Hallo, there," she said, smiling at the smallest of the children. But the button eyes looked back at her blankly.

The materials the shopkeeper was showing her were garish and sleazy. But I'll have to buy something, she thought. She pointed. "I'll take some of this."

Then she realized that she had no money.

"Can charge, please? Me Mem-doctor—hospital—yes?"

Even as she spoke, she was annoyed at herself. If he can't understand English, she thought, why should he understand gibberish?

The man stared. The women and children stared. The crowd in the doorway stared. And suddenly she turned and fled. She could feel the dark eyes following her out the door, around the corner, along the muddy streets.

Back in the bungalow, she looked for a grammar or dictionary of the native language. He must have one, she thought.

But there was not one. There was only *Manson's Tropical Diseases*, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for February, 1949, *Time* for October 20, 1948. . . .

For fifteen minutes she read about *Thomas E. Dewey, Our Next President.*

Will Alec come back tonight? she thought. Will he come back tonight?

Rain again. Dusk again. Kerosene lamp. Egg and lime juice.

He's not coming, she thought. Not tonight. Not tomorrow. The troops aren't coming. Nobody is coming.

Then presently, through the rainbeat, she heard a knocking on the door, and, opening it, she found Anna Vidal.

"Why, hallo, Anna. Come in. Take off your cape."

Anna took off her raincape, put it on a chair and followed her shyly into the living-room.

"Sit down," said Lenore. "No, there in the comfortable chair. What would you like to drink?"

"Truly, my lady, it is not necessary. I came to see if I could help. . . ."

"There's gin, rum, rice wine, a little whisky."

"No thank you, my lady. Rice wine I am fond of, but tonight, you see, I must go back on duty."

"Something plain, then."

"Well, a little lime juice, perhaps. That is, if you have——"

"Oh, yes," said Lenore, "we have lime juice."

She went out into the kitchen, poured two glasses and, returning, handed one to Anna. Then she went to the sideboard and laced her own with an inch of gin.

She raised her glass and smiled. "Here's to the first meeting of the Papaan Tuesday Evening Ladies' Club."

Anna looked uncertain. Then she smiled back, and her teeth flashed white in the yellow lamplight. She was wearing her uniform, and that, of course, was white, too—spotlessly white and fresh and cool-looking, Lenore noted, against the golden brown of her face and throat. She was beautiful, she thought. As beautiful and fresh and cool as a spring flower.

"You must teach me how to look like that, Anna," she said.

"Look like . . . ?" Then she understood and lowered her eyes. "Perhaps it is only that I am used to the climate," she murmured. "Soon you will be used to it, too."

"Maybe I will. But my skin and hair won't." Lenore sipped her drink and smiled again. "And hands. You have lovely hands, you know. I was watching them the other night, when you were dancing. And before that, in the hospital, when you were handling bandages and splints and syringes." She sat down and placed one of hers beside Anna's. "Look, it's hardly half the size of mine. And it can do twice as much."

She removed her hand, picked up her glass and looked into it for a moment without speaking. Then she said: "I was going to be a nurse once, Anna. Many years ago, when I first met Dr. Windom. He never even knew it, but I had it all planned out. I was going to go to school and a hospital and then I was going to spend my life working with him and helping him. But it didn't quite work out that way, you see. I married him instead. And do you know something I've learned, Anna? It's not easy to marry a man and help him at the same time."

She raised her glass again and drank, and the drink was warm, but the warmth was good.

"It's you who are helping him now, Anna," she said.

"Oh, my lady——"

"Yes, he needs you."

"In little things, perhaps. But in the important ones it is the other way. It is we who need him."

"Everyone loves him, don't they?"

"Yes."

"And you, Anna: *you love him.*"

The girl started to speak—stopped—looked at Lenore for a moment as if she had not understood. Then she got to her feet. "My lady—please," she murmured.

Lenore put a hand on her arm. "Come, sit down again. Here. Don't be afraid of me."

"Please, my lady. I must go now—please—to the hospital——"

"The hospital can wait a few minutes."

Anna sat down again, very slowly, like a person hypnotized. Her eyes never left Lenore's face.

"There. That's right," said Lenore. "It's lonely for me here, Anna. It means a lot to have someone to talk to."

Anna's lips moved, as if she were trying to speak. But no words came.

"Don't be afraid. Don't be shy," Lenore said. "We're not strangers any more. There's no East-is-East or Never-the-Twain or any of that between us." She smiled. "I love him, too, you see. We have a lot in common."

She raised her glass and saw that it was empty. Going to the sideboard, she mixed herself another drink.

The jeep lurched through the mud of the jungle road, and the wheel spun and quivered under Windom's hands. A half-hour before, when he had started on the return trip to Papaan, there had been merely a thin drizzle, but now it had swelled into a downpour. The drumming on the jeep's canvas top was so loud he could not hear the sound of the engine.

His visit to the down-coast village had ended in satisfying anticlimax, for what had been reported as cholera had proved to be merely an outbreak of garden-variety dysentery, and all that had been required was to dispense a few drugs and order the sealing up of a polluted well. Cholera or no, however, he had not been able to get away in less than three days.

Now, in the lurching jeep, his thoughts moved from the village behind to the village ahead. There had been no message from Papaan. Apparently nothing had happened, and he would be in time for. . . . For what? he thought. For whatever was to come. . . .

The jeep had moved out of the jungle and was now in the hilly country before the valley of Papaan. It laboured slowly up the steep, twisting road. Now and then its progress stopped entirely, as its wheels spun in the oozing mud. Once it slewed sideways until it was at right angles to its proper course. Each time, however, he managed to extricate it, and presently he had crossed the crest of the rise and was descending on the far side.

Ten more minutes and at last the road levelled off. The forest thinned, receded, and in its place were open fields.

He passed the first houses, a crossroads, the margin of one of the new rice paddies, and ahead of him now, dimly, he could make out the peaked roofs of the village. His eyes strained through the rain, but there was nothing else to see. No movement. No sign of trouble. And also, he suddenly realized, no people. It was late afternoon, the time when traffic in and out of the village was usually heavy, but on the road stretching before him there was not a single human figure.

Then there were two figures. They came suddenly up from either side of the road and stopped in front of the jeep, facing him. They were wearing khaki tunics and steel helmets, and in their hands they carried guns.

There were two sentries at the compound gate and another in the foyer of the hospital. The office door was closed, but, after a word with Windom's escort, the sentry knocked, and a voice said: "Come in."

Windom entered and found three men there. The first he saw—and the only one he recognized—was the mayor, Dai Lollivar, standing in the centre of the room with his handkerchief in his hand. Beyond him, near the desk, stood a squat, middle-aged man in the uniform of a colonel in the national army. And beyond the desk, in Windom's chair, was a younger, slighter man with gleaming black hair, in a gleaming white linen suit.

Lollivar started to speak, but thought better of it. For a moment the man behind the desk studied Windom with small, flat eyes. Then he rose and said: "Ah, it is the doctor. We have been waiting for you."

"Have you?" said Windom.

The man dismissed the sentry with a nod and came around the desk. "Permit me to introduce myself," he said. "Tanit Belhedron, Vice-Commissioner for the Northern Provinces, and at your service. This"—he indicated the man in uniform—"is Colonel Lupat, in command of troops."

Windom looked at Lollivar. "Why didn't you send for me," he said, "as I asked you?"

"I would have, my doctor. I wished to. But——"

"But it was not possible," said Belhedron. "Thanks to Colonel Lupat, here, we managed to give our arrival a certain element of surprise. And once here, we felt it wiser, for security reasons, to permit no one to leave the village."

"How long have you been here?" asked Windom.

"The troops, since late yesterday. Myself and the others, for only an hour or two."

"The others?"

"Yes, naturally you could not know yet. Your compatriot, Colonel Hasbrook, is with me. And also, of course, Mr. Schusterman."

"Where are they?"

"Mr. Schusterman has gone to inspect his plantation. Colonel Hasbrook

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

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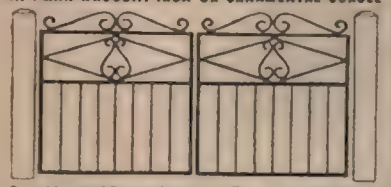

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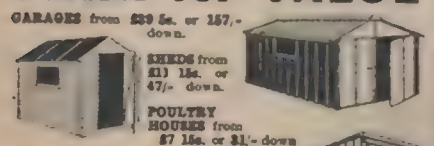

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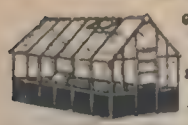

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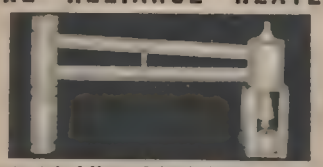

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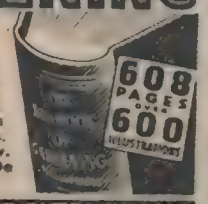

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"He has a bright, alert, quick mind, but he rarely stays awake long enough to use it!"

is at the moment, I believe, paying his respects to your wife. Unfortunately, I have not yet had the opportunity to pay my own, but I understand, if I may say so, that she is a most charming lady. In fact, she has been so gracious as to send us an invitation to dinner."

Windom nodded. "I'll see you later, then. And now, if you'll excuse me, I, too, haven't seen my wife."

"Yes, of course, I understand; after your absence you are anxious to see her. But as you are here now, perhaps we can take a few moments."

"Can't we take them at dinner?"

"I have always found it better," said Belhedron, "not to mix matters of social pleasure and professional duty. So, if you will be good enough, Doctor. . . ." He started to go back behind the desk, stopped, and looked at Lollivar as if he were seeing him for the first time. "Oh, you," he said. "You may go now."

"Yes, Your Excellency," said the mayor gratefully.

"You will wait outside. I may want you later."

"Yes, Your Excellency." As he went towards the door, Lollivar turned to Windom. "I have explained, my doctor—I have made clear. . . ." Then he was outside.

"All he has made clear," said Belhedron, "is that he is a coward and a fool." He sat down again at the desk, rubbed his ruby ring against his lapel and looked up at Windom. "Well, Doctor. . . ."

Windom looked back at him. "Comfortable?" he asked.

THE commissioner looked puzzled. Then he smiled. "Ah, yes, I see what you mean. We must apologize for moving in on you, but there was really no other place in the village that was at all suitable. Your hospital makes an excellent headquarters, you know. Walls, a gate, a compound, office space."

"And wards," said Windom. "And an operating room."

"I assure you, Doctor, we shall in no way interfere with your work. Indeed, it was my thought that our presence might make you feel more secure."

"Secure? From what?"

"From our enemies, Doctor. Yours and mine. Oh, yes, the village is quiet now. There has been no resistance or disturbance. But surely you are not so naïve as to think that many of these people are not friendly to the outlaws; that they are not waiting for the first chance to turn on us."

"Perhaps I should explain——"

"Yes, exactly—that is what we need now. Explanation. Clarification. And that, of course, is where you can be of the greatest help to us. . . . Do sit down, Doctor. . . . No? Well, as you say." The commissioner spread his hands on the desk. "In any case, this is the situation. We have liberated the village, but the village is obviously a hollow shell, for those whom we have come to get are gone. We understand that they have moved up into the hills. Colonel Lupat here, as a military man, is for quick action; for moving after them immediately—today. I, however, have counselled a slower approach; of securing all the information we can, rather than plunging ahead blindly. And I shall appreciate it, Doctor, if you will tell me all you can about the strength, plans and whereabouts of these bandits."

"I know nothing," said Windom, "about any bandits."

"Strikers, then. Guerrillas. Partisans. Call them what you like."

"I call them the men of this village."

"*Formerly* of this village, you mean."

"No, not formerly. Still."

"They have left, haven't they?" said Colonel Lupat.

"Yes."

"And why have they left?" asked Belhedron.

"Because they heard troops were coming."

"Exactly—because troops were coming. Because law and order were coming. They are outlaws, criminals; and they fled like criminals."

"And when they are caught," added the colonel, "they will be treated like criminals."

There was a pause. Then Windom said quietly:

"Commissioner — Colonel — please listen to me. There have been reports in the capital, of course, as to what's happened here. But, from what you say, these reports have been false; or at least so one-sided as to be the same as false. There has been trouble here—yes. There was a strike and violence. But that violence, I assure you, was caused much more by the police and the plantation management than by the villagers. These people aren't criminals or bandits. They're decent, peaceable men. They had a just grievance, and if they answered bloodshed with bloodshed it was only because they were driven to it."

"I see," said Belhedron. "And if they are as innocent as you say, Doctor, why have they left the village?"

"They had no intention of leaving the village. They went back to the plantation, to take care of the trees and rebuild what had been destroyed. Then your plane came and machine-gunned them."

Belhedron smiled slightly. "And they were afraid?"

"Not so much afraid as angry. It was *I*, chiefly, who was afraid."

"You? Of what, may I ask?"

"Of what would happen when you came here. Of more violence and bloodshed."

"You thought perhaps of leaving yourself?"

"I thought of it, but I didn't want to. Instead, I urged them to leave."

"You urged . . . ?" Belhedron paused. Then he leaned forward slightly and his small eyes seemed to become still smaller. "Let me make sure that I understand you, Doctor," he said. "You conferred with these men, is that right? You were their confidant, their adviser?"

"That is right."

"And you urged them to go?"

"Yes."

BEFORE the commissioner could speak again, the door opened and a tall figure in khaki appeared.

"Well, the old doc himself!"

Colonel Hasbrook crossed to Windom and shook hands. "I've just been calling on the mem-doctor," he said. "She seems to be holding up fine. . . . And you?"

"Getting by," said Windom.

"Had quite a time of it, I gather."

"Yes," said Belhedron, "Doctor Windom has just been telling us about it."

"We were doing some worrying about you," said Hasbrook. He turned to Belhedron. "Looks as if they're not as tough as you thought, Commissioner. Clearing out without a fight."

"I am afraid you are not quite up to date, Colonel. They left, according to the doctor, because he told them to."

"Told them to?"

"Precisely. He seems not only to be on excellent terms with them, but also in charge of their strategy." Belhedron looked at Windom. "Isn't that about it, Doctor?"

"I don't know if I would call it strategy," said Windom, "but I've been trying to help them—yes."

Belhedron nodded. "You were reluctant to believe Mr. Schusterman, were you not, Colonel?"

Hasbrook's smile had faded. "You mean it's true?" he asked. "You've been mixed up with these Reds?"

"They are not Reds," said Windom.

"Of course they are Reds," said Belhedron. "They take their orders from Than-kar, who takes his from Peking and Moscow. What do you take us for, Doctor? Nincompoops?" With a quick, catlike movement he was on his feet, leaning forward across the desk. "Has he been here?"

"Has who been here?"

"Than-kar. Here in this valley? In this village?"

"Of course not."

"They have gone to him, then?"

"No, they have not gone to him."

"They are on a picnic, I suppose? An outing to gather berries?"

HASBROOK interposed. "Steady," he said. "There's no point in wrangling among ourselves. After all, we're on the same side in this thing."

"Are we?" said Belhedron.

"Of course we are. Maybe there are different ways of looking at it. The doctor from up here; us from down at the capital. But what we want is the same: to get this trouble settled." Hasbrook looked at Windom. "Right?"

"That's what *I* want," said Windom.

"Then let's go on from there."

"The only place to go on to," said Belhedron, "is to where these men are hiding."

"They're in the hills," said Hasbrook. "Aren't they?"

Windom nodded.

"Where in the hills?"

Windom did not answer.

"You see," said Belhedron. "He is helping them. He will tell us nothing."

Colonel Lupat took a step forward. "If you will permit, Commissioner," he said, "there are perhaps ways of——"

Belhedron gestured him back. His small eyes studied Windom intently. "You are an intelligent man, Doctor," he said quietly. "A man of standing and attainment, and I am well aware of how much you have done for our country. Let me point out, however, that you have now been living in this valley for two years. As Colonel Hasbrook says, you perhaps see the situation only from the local point of view, and not in its wider implications. But the implications, I assure you, are very wide. And very serious."

"They are also serious," said Windom, "to these people here."

"These people? They are peasants. Coolies. What do they know or care about such things?"

"They know that they have to struggle for what they want. For their lives, for their homes, their rice crop."

"Ah, yes—their rice crop. I have

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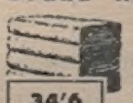

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seen their new paddies." The commissioner leaned forward again. "Did you not know, Doctor, that they have been forbidden to grow rice here?"

"Of course I know it. And that's how the whole trouble started. It's impossible to forbid such a thing."

"Impossible?" Belhedron smiled. "Tomorrow, I think, you may change your opinion." He looked at Lupat. "Your men have their orders, Colonel? A labour corps has been requisitioned?"

Belhedron nodded and turned back to Windom. "By tomorrow evening," he said, "there will be no more rice crop in Papaan."

There was a pause. Windom slowly opened and closed his hands.

"Unless, of course," Belhedron added, "you change your mind and decide to co-operate with us. . . ."

There was a knock on the door and a sentry appeared. "There is a nurse here," he announced, "who says——"

But before he could finish, Anna Vidal had come in.

"Forgive me that I interrupt, my doctor," she said. "But there is one of the malarias whose temperature is up to 106."

Windom nodded. "Coming," he said.

ANNA turned to go; but as she reached the door she was stopped by Belhedron's voice. "If I understand correctly," he said, "your name is Miss Vidal?"

"Yes," said Anna.

"You are perhaps of the family of one Jan Vidal?"

"I am his sister."

"Ah, his sister. That is most interesting." The commissioner studied her for a moment. "By coincidence, Miss Vidal, we have just been speaking of your brother."

"Miss Vidal knows nothing about her brother," Windom said.

"No?" said Belhedron. He came slowly around the desk and went up to Anna. "Nothing at all, Miss Vidal?"

"Nothing at all," said Windom. "She hasn't seen him for ten days."

"Ten days?" Belhedron nodded. "Well, now at last we are getting a little information. He has been gone ten days." He turned back to Anna. "I wonder if you would be good enough to tell us *where* he has gone."

"I don't know," said Anna.

"You don't know? Your own brother leaves and does not even tell you where he is going? 'Goodbye, sister,' he says. 'Where are you going?' you ask. 'Nowhere,' he says. Yes, of course." Belhedron's voice was quiet. He seemed almost to be smiling. Then suddenly his expression changed. He reached out and seized Anna's arm.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"I—I don't——"

"Let go of her," Windom snapped.

Belhedron turned angrily from Anna to Windom. "I will let go of her when she tells me where her brother is."

Windom stepped forward. "No, you won't," he said. "You'll let go of her now."

The two men faced each other, and Anna slipped her arm free. "I scarcely think, Doctor," said Belhedron, "that you are in a position to give orders."

"And I scarcely think——"

"Gentlemen—" Hasbrook stepped quickly between them. "We can work things out better than this."

"Can we?" Belhedron said. "If the doctor persists in his attitude they may work out more drastically than he expects."

Windom turned away. "Come on, Anna," he said.

"Just a minute," said Belhedron. "We have not yet finished."

"I'm afraid we have, at least for now. You heard Miss Vidal say there's a patient waiting."

Windom went toward the door and Anna followed him.

Belhedron seemed on the point of stopping them, and then changed his mind.

"I shall see you again later, Doctor," he said. "And you, too, Miss Vidal."

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Elizabeth Taylor as a child.

SOLVE CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS with this £1,000 PAGE!

XWORD PRIZES value up to

£200

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE

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INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

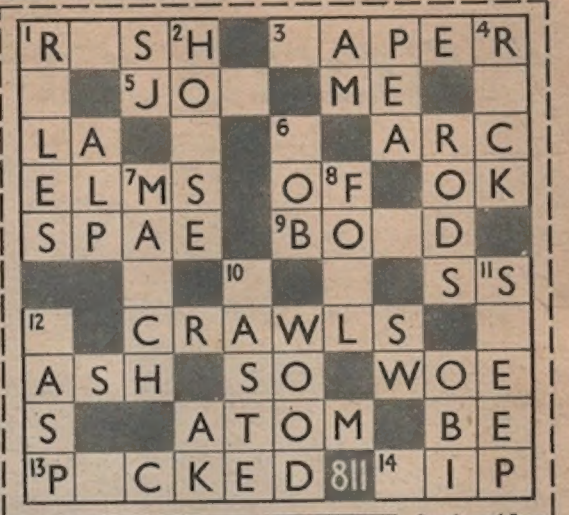
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 811, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues

1. In our busy streets, motorist and pedestrian alike are endangered by
3. We know what it is for one to get less and less
5. Having big family can be this as well as an education
9. One demands of a leader of men that his words should be this
13. Quite a lot of grain is
14. Ordinary vagrant will probably be particularly glad of in winter

Down Clues

1. Experienced player should more or less be familiar with them all
2. Selling plate may make considerable difference to finances of owner of this
4. Something we hang on to for safety's sake
6. Awkward one has sometimes caused a big man's downfall
7. Even when only practice, first-class playing can make this a thrill
8. Punch often proves to be one
10. Impatience is no excuse for
11. A real climber doesn't bother much about
12. Nervy person sitting alone in room may well be startled by sudden sound of



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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XWORD 811

Closing Postmark MONDAY, NOV. 10

XWORD 806 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1, Lute. 3, Pal. 5, Batter. 8, Toper. 9, Hat. 13, Skit. 14, Braid. DOWN: 2, Tales. 3, Peak. 4, Gate. 6, Mort. 7, Cough. 10, Buss. 11, Moor. 12, Lend.

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"Bullets" Winners No. 1,854

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£25: Mrs. E. R. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead: RUSHED FOR THE POST—*You* DIDN'T CATCH, TOMMY.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 29, and in JOHN BULL, dated December 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, November 22, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,859 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

Picture Of Tomorrow
In The White House
Since The World Began
Downright Dictatorship
Torrent Of Words
The Spectators
Woefully Weak
Threatening
Carved In Stone
To Ease The Strain
With Open Arms
He Pilots A Jet, So
Ambitious
Barmaid Bessie
Wasn't Appreciated
Coughing And Sneezing
Labour-saving Gadget
Got Grandpa's Goat
Taking Evasive Action
On A South Sea Island

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

What The Government...
Wouldn't Worry.....
Let The.....Down
Charged With.....
"Don't....., Henry!"
They Call It....., But

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,859, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE 6d.
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BULLET
EX. 6d.
.....
B.
EX. 6d.
.....
B.
EX. } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
.....
B.
EX. }
.....
B.

Closing Postmark **1,859** Monday Nov. 10.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

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Address.....

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FREE! New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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672

MORE BIG XMAS OFFERS NEXT WEEK!

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